





PRICE FIFTY CENTS.

HON.
UNCLE SAM

BY
VISCOUNT VALROSE.

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CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE ORATORS.....	5
II. THE LADIES.....	37
III. THE RHYMESTERS.....	56
IV. THE PAMPHLETEERS.....	73
V. THE JOURNALISTS.....	87
VI. THE CARICATURISTS.....	113
VII. THE PREACHERS.....	131
VIII. THE POET	150
IX. THE DIPLOMATS.....	165
X. THE FINANCIERS.....	186
XI. THE WITS.....	193
XII. THE PHILOSOPHERS.....	199

HON. UNCLE SAM.

CHAPTER I.

THE ORATORS.

WHEN I left Paris for Washington, over seven years ago, I promised to send you, my dear Count, some sketches of the politicians of Uncle Sam.

I now proceed to fulfill my promise.

If I were a cynic I would divide all politicians here into two classes. I would speak of the corrupt and the hypocritical.

But I am not a cynic ; I am simply a cosmopolitan, who has observed, read, tried to learn, and who now endeavors to impart his information to a valued friend.

Suppose we treat of the public men of the United States as orators, pamphleteers, journalists, diplomats, preachers, caricaturists;

and suppose we begin with a consideration of the orators.

The arrangement is convenient, if not entirely logical.

It would perhaps be a mistake to speak of the President as an orator.

This big, portly man, with his bald head on its heavy neck, his dull blue eyes, his stiff, reddish-brown mustache, is a signer of documents rather than a speaker of speeches. He has no personal magnetism, no readiness of words, no grace of action. He is slow, stolid, pompous at times. When he speaks in public he invariably places one hand in his Prince Albert coat, and one behind his back, stands square and immobile, and says what he has to say in a quiet, unimpassioned manner.

The President is now in his fiftieth year. He comes of humble though honorable stock, received a common-school education, studied law, and practiced it with mediocre success. Before he attained his present lofty position, in 1884, he was successively Sheriff of Erie County, Mayor of Buffalo, and Governor of New York.

The President is a political accident. He

happened to make a brilliant run for the Governorship of his State, and immediately some of the leaders of his party looked upon him as a Presidential candidate. By skillful management he was nominated, and by a slight majority he was elected.

The President is a plodding and methodical worker.

He takes off his coat and buckles down to his task like any thousand-dollar clerk in the service.

He is at his desk in the White House every morning at 9, works till 1, takes an hour for lunch, works till 5, dines, drives. This routine is varied on reception-days and on days of Cabinet meetings.

The confidential man of the President is Daniel S. Lamont. He is his private secretary. The opposition cartoonists represent him as a spaniel.

The duties of the President are various and interesting.

Head of the executive department of the Government, the President signs or vetoes bills, manufactures messages, issues proclamations.

The President is, by courtesy, bound to re-

ceive Senators, Representatives, judges, and the office-seekers endorsed by them. These gentlemen generally reward his hospitality by criticism and abuse—when he does not comply with their wishes.

The President is doomed by his position to receive and smile upon foreign diplomats. He is not familiar with their language, and they use their language to dissimulate their opinion of him.

The President is compelled, at public receptions, to welcome to his parlor thousands of his countrymen, whose hand-shakes give him the rheumatism.

For these services he receives \$50,000 a year.

The President is not, as I have already intimated, an orator in the great acceptation of the word. But when before an humble audience, when he does not try to be rhetorical and important, he is singularly effective. I remember one of the little speeches, delivered by him to the people of a village where he passed some of his young days, as particularly good. I reproduce it, and let you judge.

“As I find myself here once more in this pretty village,

the sports and pastimes of my youth come back to my mind. I take warm interest in being with you once more. Some of you, more than forty years ago, were my school-fellows and playmates. I can recall the faces of some who are now no more. I recall old Green Lake, and the fish I tried to catch and never did, and the traditional panther on its shores, which used to shorten my excursions thitherward. I've heard so much howling in the past two years that I don't think I should be frightened by the panther now. If some of the old householders were here, I could tell them who it was that used to take off their front gates. I mention this because I have been accused of so many worse crimes since I have been in Washington, that I consider taking off gates somewhat of a virtue.

"And so, you see, I've taken you and your village with me, and, whether you are willing or not, I have made you a part of this Administration. I have been a sad truant, but now that you have seen me, keep your eyes ever upon me as I strive to do my duty in behalf of the people of this country. And it shall be my desire so to act that I may receive the approbation of these, my oldest and best friends."

The President, in a word, is not a great orator or a great statesman, but he is, like Jules Grévy, a safe executive officer, a man of respectable abilities.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison, of Indiana, the rival of the President, is the grandson of a grandfather who fought a little battle with

the Indians, beat them, and was elected President of the United States.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison is rather short in stature, shaky in appearance.

He has small, squinting eyes, thin, reddish-brown hair, and a scraggy, unbarbered white beard.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison is as insignificant in appearance as M. Jules Ferry.

He is also rather distant in his bearing.

His reputation for integrity is good, but his fame as a lawyer or a statesman is not national.

He is a local man, selected because he was available.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison smokes, but he doesn't drink.

When he gave a dinner to Mr. Blaine, some four years ago, there was no wine on the table.

Mr. Harrison lives in Indianapolis. He resides in a plain, unpretentious, two-story house, set well back from the street, and shrouded from vulgar gaze by shrubbery and trees.

A big picture of his grandfather, General Harrison, the old gentleman who beat the

Indians in that little battle and became President, hangs in the back parlor.

Mr. Benjamin Harrison was in the Senate of the United States at Washington once upon a time, but nobody seems to remember it.

He didn't make any speeches to distinguish himself.

During the late war he was an officer in the army.

His friends like to tell how he enlisted.

One day he called on Governor Morton, of Indiana, to ask for the appointment of a friend to a military command. He found the great war Governor gloomy at the failure to respond to the call for troops. He took his caller to the window, and, pointing to some housebuilders, marveled that they could work when on the morrow there might be no Government to protect their property.

Young Harrison consulted no friend, not even his wife. He walked from the Governor's office to a hat shop, where he donned an army cap. Within an hour he was parading behind a fife and drum.

Mr. Harrison came out of the war a general.

Generals are as common in this country as gendarmes are with us.

Two of the most prominent political opponents of the President are men who at present hold no political office.

They are Mr. James G. Blaine and Mr. Chauncey Depew.

Both of these men are men of national reputation.

Mr. Blaine has been, in the course of his life, a school teacher, a book canvasser, an editor, a Congressman, a Senator, a Secretary of State.

Mr. Depew has also been a politician and a lawyer, but to-day he is president of the big system of railroads controlled by Vanderbilt.

How slick, sleek, specious, are both these men !

They are what they call " smart " men here. Uncle Sam likes smartness above all things.

Both Mr. Blaine and Mr. Depew are rich men, optimistic men, and both are orators.

They dazzle the eyes, entrance the ears.

Neither of them ever hems or haws.

Neither of them forgets the names and faces of influential men.

Neither of them is ever at a loss.

Put either of them before an audience in the smallest village, and he will say the right thing.

When I read some of the speeches of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Depew, both smooth, oily demagogues, I am reminded of what a parodist of Webster maintained that that orator once said to the citizens of a certain small city in New York State.

“Men of Rochester, I am glad to see you, and I am glad to see your noble city. Gentlemen, I saw your falls, which I am told are one hundred and fifty feet high. That is a very interesting fact. Gentlemen, Rome had her Cæsar, her Scipio, her Brutus, but Rome in her proudest days never had a water-fall one hundred and fifty feet high! Gentlemen, Greece had her Pericles, her Demosthenes, and her Socrates, but Greece in her palmyest days never had a water-fall one hundred and fifty feet high! Men of Rochester, go on! No people ever lost their liberties who had a water-fall one hundred and fifty feet high!”

The crowd applauds.

A crowd is such an unreasoning mass!

Mr. Allen Thurman, of Ohio, is another prominent orator.

The Democrats call him “the noblest Roman of them all.”

He has a striking, gray-haired head on a small body.

He discards the mustache, but he wears a chin-beard.

He is a fine lawyer and a well-read man.

I hear our Molière is one of his favorite authors.

Mr. Thurman blows his nose vociferously in a red bandanna handkerchief.

Now, the Democrats want to make him Vice-President.

They like him.

When he takes snuff, the whole Democracy of Uncle Sam sneezes.

Mr. Blaine is tall, erect, high-shouldered.

He has a sallow, intelligent face, encompassed by a white beard.

His dark eyes are restive and uncertain, behind heavy eyelids.

His nose is prominent, bulbous, a nose that our Cham would have loved to caricature.

His manners are urbane.

He makes the most gracious bow in the land.

They compare him here to Gladstone.

He is more like Beaconsfield.

Mr. Depew is rather corpulent.

His face, clean-shaven save for small whiskers, indicates the self-sufficiency of a bank president plus the conscious goodness of a clerical.

He reminds me somewhat of M. Pouyer-Quertier.

Allow me, now, to present you to another type—Mr. Carl Schurz, of New York.

He was born in Germany.

He speaks with an accent, and after much preparation.

He has belonged to all parties in this country, and is liked by none.

He is one of the homeliest men in public life—tall, thin-legged, with a long, protruding chin, a red beard, a flat nose.

Mr. Schurz has been a tutor, a revolutionist, an editor, a brigadier-general, an envoy-extraordinary, a secretary of department at Washington.

He is now busy writing his memoirs.

Any man can become anything in this land of Uncle Sam's.

I have not told you that there are two great parties in this country.

The dominant party is the Democratic, the minority is the Republican, party.

The Democrats believe in a strict interpretation of the Constitution, in due power reserved to the States, in low tariff, in an extensive foreign commerce.

The Republicans maintain that there should be a broad construction of the Constitution ; that there should be a strong central government ; little power in the States ; protection of home industries by high tariff ; and lavish expenditure of the surplus money in the treasury for educational and commercial purposes.

These, in rough, are the dividing lines of the two parties.

However they may differ in other respects, they agree in one point.

They are all, at any time, ready to take the emoluments of office.

They both interpret Civil-Service Reform to mean that to the victor belong the loaves and fishes and post-offices.

I have often attended the sessions of the Senate and of the House of Representatives in Washington.

Let me hit off some of the prominent members for you.

The Senate, I should first remark, is pre-

sided over by the Vice-President of the United States.

There are two Senators from each State of the Union, and their salaries are \$5,000 a year each, with twenty cents per mile wherewith to travel to and from Washington.

These comfortable wise men of the Senate—which has been called “the pleasantest club in the country”—are elected by the Legislature of their respective States for six years.

The Democrats sit on one side of the Senate Chamber, the Republicans on the other.

They speak from their desks on the floor, and not, as with us, from a tribune.

Senator John Sherman, of Ohio, is one of the senior members of the Senate. An old-time Republican, a former Secretary of the Treasury, he is an authority on negro suffrage and financial administration.

He is a slight man as to physique, with a solemn face, a firm mouth, a stubby beard, and a vinegar expression.

As an orator he is not a success.

He is as *ennuyeux* as M. de Broglie.

He deals in figures and policies and facts. He never lets rhetoric run away with him.

Senator Edmunds, of Vermont, is a venerable looking man.

He has a head that Bonnat would love to paint.

He is a severe partisan, a thorough lawyer, but he is not a magnetic speaker. When he gives his views in the Senate, he keeps his hands folded on his stomach, and proceeds slowly, and in a low tone.

Senator Edmunds is a chilly, unsympathetic man.

I may compare him with M. Dufaure.

Senator Evarts, of New York, is one of the ablest and wittiest men in the Senate.

He is a great lawyer, a fine scholar, an agreeable after-dinner speaker.

He has been Attorney-General, Counsel at the Geneva Tribunal, Secretary of the State.

In personal appearance, though small of stature, he is remarkable.

He has a big head on narrow shoulders. His hat is always tilted back from his intellectual brow. His clothes are seedy in the extreme. His collar and cravat are of a large and antique pattern.

His sentences are interminable.

As I look at him I am reminded of an anecdote.

Pardon my love of anecdotes.

You remember what De Goncourt says of them.

"L'anecdote est la boutique à un sou de l'histoire."

When the Duc de Choiseul, who was a remarkably lean man, was sent to London to negotiate a peace, Charles Townsend, being asked whether the French Government had sent the preliminaries of a treaty, answered that he did not know, but that they had assuredly sent the outline of an ambassador.

In the same way it may be said that the State of New York has sent to the Senate, in the thin and fragile Mr. Evarts, the outline of a Senator.

Senator Hiscock, of New York, tries to copy Lord Byron in his neckwear.

His oratory, however, is not equal to his lordship's poetry.

Senator Mahone, of Virginia, though the smallest man in the Senate, considers himself one of the biggest.

To a correspondent, who asked him for

his views, he answered that he was not writing history, he was making it.

Senator Riddleberger, of Virginia, is the demagogic opponent of Great Britain.

He takes every opportunity to attack her.

They call that "twisting the lion's tail" here.

It's a harmless pastime.

Senator Vance, of North Carolina, is a fine *raconteur* of yarns such as men love to tell over the almonds and raisins at dessert.

The periods of Senator Blackburn, of Kentucky, have not the brilliancy of the diamond pin which he is proud to wear on all occasions.

Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts, with his chubby face, his spectacles, his air of ultra respectability, looks and speaks like a college professor.

I think they call him the dinner-bell.

When he begins to prose, there is certainly a strong current toward the lunch-room of the Senate, where whisky is called tea.

Senator Gorman, of Maryland, does most of his oratory in lobbies and in bar-rooms.

He is an authority on vacancies in offices and on their national game of base-ball.

Senator Ingalls, of Kansas, tall, thin, angular, is the best-dressed man in the Senate, and one of its most scholarly speakers.

He can be exceedingly bitter.

He is an extreme partisan.

When he gets excited, his eyes flash through his glasses.

He does not fancy the fact that in twelve months ending June, 1887, no less than 483,116 immigrants poured into six ports of the United States.

Senator Hawley, of Connecticut, looks like an old officer in our army. He is an effective orator and an able writer.

I should like him better than I do if, during the last campaign, he had not said that the love of the common people for Mr. Blaine reminded him of the love of the common people for Christ.

Senator Jones, of Nevada, has a silver eloquence, which is said to be generally prepared for him by some literary menial.

It is more common than is supposed for Senators and Representatives to have their speeches written for them.

I have met several young men in Washington who do this kind of work.

Speeches with classical quotations and intricate tariff statistics fetch the highest figures.

Senator Voorhees, of Indiana, whom they call the "Tall" something or other "of the Wabash," is grandiloquently vague.

He would probably define a politician as I once heard Surrogate Calvin define one at a Tammany Hall meeting in New York :

"A politician is one who has an exalted and appreciative idea of the beneficent features of the Government."

This may mean something, and may not.

On certain subjects—high tariff or low tariff, for instance—the average legislator here is as cautious in giving you an out-and-out opinion—well, about as an actress is cautious in giving you her age.

There are several orators who are members neither of the Senate nor of the House of Representatives, and who have great influence.

I have already spoken of Mr. Blaine and Mr. Depew.

I wish to mention also Colonel Ingersoll.

What a rhetorician is he !

What a keen wit in that white round head !

What a lot of humor, sarcasm, power, behind the red, flushed mask of that big fat face!

Ingersoll is a manufacturer of phrases and a destroyer of religions.

He hates Democrats and God.

Your political orators here never let the storm and fury of their eloquence run away with the interest of their pockets.

They have—most of them—five reasons for this caution—a wife and four children.

They keep their eyes on King Mob, and study his humor.

It is not pleasant to be elected to stay at home because you have been too frank.

Senator Payne, of Ohio, got into the Senate, not because he is rich in the honey of eloquence, but because he made his money in oil.

Senator Leland Stanford, of California, has a money-bag.

Who was so malicious as to say his monogram,

L. S.

suited him exactly?

Senators Hale and Frye, of Maine, are blatant partisans of Mr. Blaine.

Their speeches invariably smell of the exploded cartridges of the late war, or of stale fish.

Senator Don Cameron, of Pennsylvania, manly, red-headed, does not speak much. He occupies his seat because his father, Mr. Simon Cameron, occupied it before him.

The "Cameron machine" is all-powerful in Pennsylvania. It governs the Legislature of the State.

Senator Beck, of Kentucky, is a fine judge of horse-flesh.

Most of the Senators are not great orators.

They have been sent to the Senate because of their position at the bar ; because of their money ; because they were friends to certain powerful corporations ; because they had procured offices or favors for the legislators of their respective States.

One sometimes hears a good story about these Senators, though.

A bitter partisan newspaper man from Butler one day met Senator Kiernan in a rain-storm, and offered him his umbrella.

"Thank you," curtly said the politician; "I am not accustomed to such courtesy from the press."

"But you surely will not refuse! It is raining very hard," rejoined the newspaper man.

"Yes, as hard," answered the politician, "as abuse rains in your articles, though I don't mean to say, sir, they are watery!"

Most of the oratory in the Senate and the House is nowadays confined to the Committee-room.

A scholarly writer, Mr. Woodrow Wilson, in a book called "Congressional Government," has recently demonstrated how secret committee-work has usurped open parliamentary discussion in this country.

M. De Tocqueville, in his "Democracy in America," said that the town-meeting was the nucleus of government in the United States.

That is all changed now.

The centres of government are bar-rooms and committee-rooms.

Just glance over this little table:

CITY.	SALOONS.	SALOONS TO POPULATION.
Omaha.....	176.....	...1 to 426
Kansas City.....	405.....	...1 to 309
St. Louis.....	1,600.....	...1 to 312
Chicago.....	3,760.....	...1 to 213

CITY.	SALOONS.	SALOONS TO POPULATION.
Cleveland.....	1,540.....	1 to 129
Indianapolis.....	348.....	1 to 288
St. Paul.....	600	1 to 221
San Francisco.....	2,799.	1 to 84
Brooklyn.....	3,006.....	1 to 296
New York.....	9,197.....	1 to 138
Philadelphia.....	5,959.....	1 to 142
Baltimore	2,655.....	1 to 115

From the Senate, let us pass over to the House of Representatives.

There is more noise there, you notice, than in the Senate; the members are less decorous.

They speak, chew, spit, smoke, cock their feet on their desks, lounge on the sofas, laugh, and shout.

The Speaker, elected by the House every session, Mr. Carlisle, of Kentucky, raps on his desk with his gavel for order.

He is as dignified a presiding officer as M. Brisson used to be.

Congressmen are elected—I member for every 100,000 of the population in a State—for two years.

Mr. Speaker Carlisle, tall, wiry, clean-shaven—a good head on broad shoulders—represents the low-tariff views of the Democratic party.

He is *au fait* in facts and statistics. His lines of policy as a public man have been as straight as the lines of a ledger or a day-book.

Though somewhat severe of aspect, forbidding in manner, Mr. Speaker Carlisle can unbend as well as the next man, and tell a yarn over a glass of the whisky of his native State.

One of his stories runs in this wise :

“A good old Kentucky Democrat, who has been waiting twenty-five years for a post-office, owns a fine dog, which is his constant companion. The other day the dog had been having a run in the sunshine, and was resting on the porch with his tongue hanging out. ‘That’s a boss dog,’ said a traveling man, who had been selling the old man a bill of goods. ‘You’re right he is,’ said the old man, proudly. ‘What makes him stick out his tongue that way?’ ‘Politics.’ ‘Politics ! How?’ ‘Why, sir, that dog knows Cleveland is elected, and he knows I want a post-office, and he’s got his tongue out already to begin licking the stamps !’ ”

Mr. Samuel J. Randall, of Pennsylvania, though a Democrat, is a high-tariff man. He looks after the interests of pig-iron and home manufacture.

Though, as a general thing, Democrats

are for free trade or a liberal tariff, such as come from protection districts fashion their principles according to their constituencies.

The politicians of Uncle Sam look to votes first, and theories afterward.

Viewed from profile, Mr. Randall has a prominent chin.

He has something stern in his face, just as Sieyès had.

Mr. Randall is a matter-of-fact speaker. He is as full of statistics, as a politician on the night of an election is full of rum.

He has the figures at his fingers' ends.

Population.....	60,000,000
Natives of Germany.....	1,966,742
Natives of Ireland.....	1,854,571
Voting Population in United States.	10,048,061
United States Debt in 1880.....	\$1,056,584,146
Exports in 1880.....	751,988,240
Imports, 1880.....	674,029,792
Gold produced in United States in 1885...	31,800,000
Silver " " " 1885...	51,600,000
Cotton " " " 1886...	6,550,215 bls.
Tobacco " " " 1880..	472,661,157 lbs.
Distilled Liquors produced in the United States in 1880, valued.....	\$49,063,663
Malt Liquors produced in the United States in 1880, valued.....	101,058,355
Expenditures for Education.....	103,949,528

Mr. Randall, who affects a republican simplicity in his daily life, has all these figures down as fine as you, my dear Count, who do not affect this simplicity, have the addresses of the prettiest women of Paris.

Let me continue our observations of the House.

Mr. Holman, of Indiana, is called the "Watch Dog of the Treasury," because he never opens his mouth but to speak for retrenchment.

He is as *maniaque* on the subject of economy as M. Naquet is on the subject of divorce.

Mr. Reed, of Maine, is one of the wits of the House.

He is quick at *repartee* and ready in debate.

He looks something like Rabelais—merry, round, and comfortable.

Mr. Ignatius Donnelly is as fanciful in his spoken arguments as he is in his printed words.

He is the man, as you may have heard, who tries to make people believe the plays ascribed to Shakespeare were written by Lord Bacon.

Mr. Bourke Cochran, of New York, is fat, bright, and eloquent.

Mr. John J. O'Neil, of Missouri, hardly ever rises to his feet in the House without patting labor on the back.

Mr. Tim Campbell, of New York, does all his talking in the lobbies, and talks with as little grammar as the majority of his district.

"Why, gintlemin," he said on one occasion, "what's a little thing like the Constitution between frinds?"

Mr. Springer, of Illinois, speaks with pleasing facility.

Mr. Francis Spinola, from New York, is famous for his burlesque loftiness of style and the height and size of his collar.

Mr. Ben. Le Fevre, of Ohio, puts on democratic airs in his speeches, and talks a good deal of the people and their rights.

Most of the western Congressmen, I should remark, differ from their eastern colleagues by a certain republican aggressiveness. They hate foreigners—except such as have votes—and believe in democracy. They never tire of speaking of "the effete monarchies of Europe" and lauding America.

“ Our fellow-countryman is a model of a man quite fresh from Natur’s mould,” said Mr. Pogram. “ He is a true-born child of this free hemisphere ; verdant as the the mountains of our country, bright and flowing as our mineral Licks ; unspiled by withering conventionalities as air our broad and boundless Pearerers ! Rough he may be ; so air our Barrs. Wild he may be ; so air our Buffalers. But he is a child of Natur’, and a child of Freedom, and his boastful answer to the despot and the tyrant is, that his bright home is in the Settin’ Sun !”

This style of oratory is quite as common in the West to-day as it was when thus caricatured by Dickens some forty-odd years ago.

I said that the people of this country were divided into two parties. There is a third party—that of Labor—now springing up, which promises to stir matters considerably before long.

The head of this party of Labor in the last Presidential election was Mr. Benjamin F. Butler.

In the last mayoralty election in New York the representative of the Labor party, Henry George, polled 69,000 votes.

New problems will soon enter into political discussions here. The age of romance is over. The age of reality is begun.

Mr. Benjamin F. Butler, after having been

a general during the war, became a Representative in Congress.

He was first a Democrat, then a Republican, last a Laborer.

Tricky, able, plebeian, active, he has some hold on the rabble.

Butler is a rich demagogue who travels in parlor-cars, accompanied by a colored valet.

Mr. Morrison, of Illinois, is as eloquent on tariff matters as he is on horse-races.

Mr. Butterworth, of Ohio, has a mouth as firm as a bull-dog's.

Mr. McComas, of Maryland, has done some good speaking in the House, but his fame rests on the fact that he is the champion baby-kisser.

You may not know that some of the politicians of Uncle Sam ingratiate themselves with the mothers, and therefore the fathers of their districts, by kissing their babies.

Mr. McComas is one of this class.

Mr. Ryan, of Kansas, can have his hair cut without taking his hat off.

Mr. W. W. Phelps, of New Jersey, is a light-weight champion of Mr. Blaine.

He wears bangs.

Mr. Kelley, of Pennsylvania, and Mr.

Frank Hurd, of Ohio, have the tariff question on the brain. Mr. Kelley and Mr. McKinley are the champion advocates of Protection. Mr. Hurd is the partisan of Free Trade.

Mr. Mills, of Texas, represents tariff reduction.

Sturdy in frame, self-reliant in manner, Mr. Mills generally tugs away at his bristly mustache as he speaks.

As though impressed with the importance of his advocacy of the "Mills Bill," he dresses habitually in solemn black.

Mr. Mills has a good strong voice and uses forcible gestures.

He has a clever way of mixing dry fact and apt illustration.

But Mr. Mills makes slow headway.

Mr. Mills speaks slowly, grinds slowly.

Mr. Long, of Massachusetts, is scholarly and polished in his speeches.

I always feel like saying of him what the poet Rogers wrote of Lord Dudley :

"Ward has no heart, they say, but I deny it ;
He has a heart, and gets his speeches by it."

Mr. Collins, of Massachusetts, says commonplace with uncommon fire.

Mr. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia, courtly, dignified, a scholar and a jurist of the old school, is, for these very reasons, an orator who appeals to the few.

Mr. Tucker belongs to one of the first families of Virginia.

These families, as you may not know, consider themselves very ancient, are consequently very proud, and are generally very poor.

I want to mention just two orators more.

The wits of the House for a long time were Mr. Samuel S. Cox, of New York, and Mr. Proctor Knott, of Kentucky. Both of these men are fond of whisky, and are excellent *raconteurs*.

Loiter in the corridors of Willard's Hotel, the great rendezvous of politicians in Washington, and you cannot fail to meet and hear them.

They like to speak of the public men of the past, and tell some short and pertinent anecdote of them.

I heard Mr. Cox tell the following :

“ At a dinner given by a certain Senator, President Garfield turned to Kelley and said : ‘ Judge, how do you

account for the success you have attained in public life ?' With great solemnity and impressiveness, Kelley answered: 'Gentlemen, I owe me present position in the eyes of me country to the favor of Providence and me magnificent voice.'"

And I heard Mr. Proctor Knott, in his quiet way, relate the following :

"It was about the election time in South Carolina, and Wade Hampton was running for Governor. One morning, riding on the high-road, he met an old nigger with a basket in his hand. 'What have you in your basket there, Sam?' asked Hampton.

" 'Ah, Massa Hampton, teese two fine Republican puppies.'

"The General looked at them and rode on.

"A few weeks after the election had taken place and Hampton was declared Governor of South Carolina, he rode along the same highway and met the same darkey.

" 'What have you got this morning in your basket there?' asked the successful candidate.

" 'Ah, Massa Hampton,' replied Sam, doffing his cap and grinning, 'teese two fine Democratic puppies.'

"The Governor looked at the beasts for a moment, and then said, 'Why, you black rascal, these are the selfsame puppies you showed me a week ago! You said they were Republican puppies then ; now you say they are Democratic puppies.'

" 'Ah, beg pardon, Massa Hampton,' promptly replied Sam, 'they didn't hab their eyes open den yet !'

Enough of this.

I will now leave you for a while and drive over to Chamberlain's for terrapin and white wine.

CHAPTER II.

THE LADIES.

"ALL men are created equal," says Uncle Sam in the Declaration of Independence.

The phrase is humbug.

There is no equality here, and there never was.

"All men are created equal."

No, nor the women either.

You have but to spend one season in Washington to discover the truth of this.

The head of fashionable life in the capital is, of course, Mrs. President Cleveland.

They call her the "First Lady in the Land."

She has a pretty, winsome face, rich chestnut hair, a fair complexion, an elegant and youthful form.

She is tall, graceful, easy in her movements.

Mrs. Cleveland had always lived in seclu-

sion prior to her coming to Washington, had not even been sent to finish her education in those centres of culture, New York and Boston.

But Mrs. Cleveland does very well.

She receives with equal affability the diplomat from abroad and the rustic from the backwoods.

The nieces of Uncle Sam have the wonderful gift of adapting themselves readily to all circumstances.

Mrs. Cleveland has, to my knowledge, but one fault.

She persists in playing on the piano.

Some will maliciously say that she committed a second fault when she married the President about a year ago.

It is true he had been her father's trusted friend and her own guardian, but—the President is fifty, and fat, and not fair.

Let us not meddle in other people's business, however; let us not imitate those newspaper correspondents who, by special train, followed the President and Mrs. Cleveland on their wedding trip, spied upon their doings, and reported them at length in two-column articles.

The ladies of the members of the Cabinet are Mrs. Cleveland's assistants at all public receptions and affairs of state.

Mr. Secretary of State Bayard is a widower, but his family is represented at receptions by his daughter.

Miss Bayard is an excellent horsewoman.

Big with his own importance and that of his ancestors, Mr. Secretary Endicott, who was a judge before he entered the Cabinet, is crusty and reserved, and Mrs. Endicott follows his example.

Mr. Augustus H. Garland is the Attorney-General. He is a bachelor, and lives with his mother, to whom he is greatly attached. Mr. Garland affects, or has, a genuine republican simplicity of—I was almost going to say dress. He never wears a swallow-tail coat, and shuns the receptions at the White House.

The Cabinet of the President consists of seven officers. They are appointed by the President; are his private advisers; responsible to him and not to Congress for the conduct of their respective departments.

They are not Ministers in the sense of the term common in France and England. They

have no seat in the legislative body. They never speak there. They have no policy of their own.

Members of the Cabinet send formal reports of their departments to the President once a year, and the President forwards these reports to Congress with his own annual message.

The President holds a Cabinet meeting once or twice a week during the sessions of Congress. He holds the meeting in a large, commodious room, around a long green table, in the White House.

Mr. Secretary of the Treasury Fairchild is the well-dressed son of a rich man.

Mr. Tilden first pushed him into politics.

Mrs. Fairchild, a handsome woman, is fond of society, and society reciprocates the attachment.

Mr. Secretary Vilas is an eloquent man.

Mrs. Vilas is an unassuming lady.

Mr. Secretary of the Navy Whitney is the richest member of the Cabinet.

He was an ambitious, able young lawyer in New York when he married Miss Payne, of Ohio, a daughter of the wealthy oil man. The Whitneys live in what is here called

grand style. They have a home in Washington, a residence that cost over half a million in New York, and a country-place in Lenox, Massachusetts.

Mrs. Whitney is very fond of music.

Secretary of the Navy Whitney represents in the Cabinet the aristocracy of money.

Secretary of War Endicott represents the aristocracy of birth.

"All men are created equal."

Humbug, my friend, humbug!

You see, about two hundred and fifty years ago, a lot of emigrants from England called Puritans came to this country in a ship called the *Mayflower*. They were as disagreeable a lot as ever lived, and would not let others live. They wanted liberty for themselves, but denied it to others. They went to church three times a day. They prosecuted those who did not believe as they did. They burnt witches. They forbade drinking. They hated new fashions. They sang wheezy hymns. They read prosy books. They mixed in their neighbors' affairs. They ate abominable food.

Yet these same Puritans form the source of an aristocracy on the domain of Uncle Sam!

Members of the Cabinet constitute the private advisers of the President.

They are not public Ministers, as with us.

They have no seat or voice in the parliament.

Members of the Cabinet receive \$8,000 a year each for their services.

Looking over what I have written, I find I have wandered somewhat from my subject.

I am, in one respect at least, like Montaigne.

I start out by speaking of stage-coaches, and end by treating of Cæsar and Alexander the Great.

I was saying, then, that in this Republic of Uncle Sam the doctrine of political and social equality was a pleasant fiction.

The novelists prove it, and if further proof were necessary, observation would confirm the novelists.

Society moves in circles in Washington.

Mrs. President Cleveland and the ladies of the Cabinet form the first circle.

Mrs. Justice Stanley Matthews, Mrs. Justice Field, Mrs. Justice Lamar, compose the leaders of the Supreme Court circle.

Then comes the Senate coterie.

Mrs. Sherman, Mrs. Ingalls, Mrs. Palmer,

Mrs. Stanford, Mrs. Logan, Mrs. Don Cameron, Mrs. Hawley, give the law here..

Next comes the army circle—an aristocratic circle.

Mrs. General Sheridan, aided by Mrs. Adjutant-General Drum, is the moving power in this set.

And last comes the House of Representatives circle.

Here Mrs. Speaker Carlisle presides.

These circles are controlled by rules of etiquette quite as rigid as those in the Faubourg St. Germain.

The ladies ape our system of calling.

They mimic our methods of leaving cards.

The Senators' wives consider themselves better than the Congressmen's wives.

The Justices' wives consider themselves better than the Senators' wives.

They all look down upon the women clerks employed in the departments.

They all look up to the foreign representatives in Washington.

The foremost position among the diplomats is occupied by the Hon. Sir L. S. Sackville West, Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of Her Britannic Majesty.

When his name is bawled out by a valet at a reception, there is a respectful murmur.

I am inclined to think Uncle Sam dearly loves a lord—when he comes from England.

The presence at receptions of the Hon. Henry Edwards, Secretary of the British Legation, of Captain Henry Kane, Naval Attaché, of Horace Helyar, Esq., Second Secretary, is sufficient to make the receptions a success.

I am mistaken. Pardon ! I forgot to mention Mrs. Horace Helyar.

She is one of the most beautiful and refined ladies at the capital.

M. Théodore Roustan, the Minister of the French Republic, does not occupy as high a position in Washington as does Sir L. Sackville West, the Minister of Great Britain.

Is it because he has no title ? Is it because he is a republican ?

In spite of speeches and toasts at the inauguration of the Bartholdi statue, the United States does not admire or sympathize with France.

Uncle Sam, when his protégé, Erin, is not around, is rather fond of John Bull.

Baron de Struve, the Minister from Russia, is popular in society.

The Americans rather like the Russians.

The Government of Uncle Sam remembers the friendly attitude maintained toward it by the Government of the Czar during the Civil War.

Count Arco, of Germany, Señor Romero, of Mexico, Count Lippe - Weissenfeld, of Austria, Baron Fava, of Italy, Señor Don Muruaga, of Spain, add brilliancy to the receptions at the White House by their uniforms and decorations.

The smaller the country, the larger the decorations, the more brilliant the uniforms.

The ladies do not generally care as much for the Ministers as they do for the attachés.

To dance with Count Sala, of France, with Señor Don Miguel de Flores Garcia, of Spain, with Baron Paumgarten, of Austria, with Count Gaston d'Arschot, of Belgium, with Count Albert de Foresta, of Italy, with Baron von Zedtwitz, of Germany, is an honor that any girl will remember all her life.

Especially popular and sociable here is Mr. Alexandre Greger, of the Russian Legation. He has done much to make life in the

“City of Magnificent Distances” more enduring.

These foreigners, as a general rule, bore themselves to death at the capital.

In order to make time pass, they go to parties, balls, receptions, theatres.

Theatres remind me.

Dr. Kane, of Baltimore, tells a story about the actor Edwin Forrest and Abraham Lincoln, the relation here between politics and the stage.

“One night during the war, Forrest was in Washington. The play was ‘Richelieu.’ President Lincoln, accompanied by Forney, Seward, and several prominent members of the Administration, was seated in a private box at the left of the stage. In political opinions Forrest was directly opposed to them. When the grand apostrophe to the pen occurred Mr. Forrest rose, solemnly and deliberately facing the President’s box. With pen held majestically aloft, his eyes flashing fire, the tones of that wonderful voice vibrating through the theatre, and speaking with unusual deliberation and emphasis, he gave such a rendering of Bulwer’s lines as must have astonished the President

“ ‘Beneath the rule of men entirely great
The pen is mightier than the sword.
Take away the sword !
States can be saved without it.’

“He looked the whole party squarely in the face, as much as to say, ‘And that’s my personal opinion, too.’

'The shot hit its mark. There ensued some whispered remarks between Forney and Lincoln, and a deprecatory shake of the head on the part of the latter, accompanied by dubious elevation of the eyebrows, as much as to say, 'Well, I never heard that passage read that way before.' "

Mr. President Garfield used to say that the only real coats-of-arms in this country were shirt-sleeves.

The phrase is pretty, but, like most epigrams, it isn't true.

Hon. Uncle Sam is perfectly delighted to hob-nob with a lord of genuine pedigree, or a lady of high descent.

Novelists, preachers, and newspaper men never weary of upbraiding their republican country-women for their love of titled foreigners.

I remember not long ago reading in *Town Topics*, a society paper of New York, brilliantly edited by Mr. Alfred Trumble, a list of nieces of Uncle Sam who have mated abroad.

Miss Jerome, of New York, married Lord Randolph Churchill, and one of her sisters married Sir John Leslie, Baronet. Miss Consuelo Yznaga married Viscount Mandeville, and Sir John Lister Kaye married Lady Man-

deville's sister. Miss Stephens married Lord Alfred Paget. Lady Anglesey, Lady Vernon, Lady Abinger, Lady Hesketh, Mrs. Ernest Chaplin, Mrs. L'Estrange, of Hunstanton, the Hon. Mrs. Plunkett, Lady Kartwright, the Hon. Mrs. Carington, Mrs. Edward Balfour, the Hon. Mrs. Oliver Northcote, Mrs. Baring, Mrs. Cavendish Bentinck, Jr., Mrs. Beresford Hope, Lady A. Butler, and the Duchess of Marlborough, are Americans by birth.

I make no mention of alliances between the daughters of oil men, coal men, fur men, whisky men, tobacco men, cotton men, with the dukes of Belgium, the viscounts and counts of France, the marquises and princes of Italy, the grandees of Spain, and the well-born and impecunious barons of Germany.

I am not compiling an "Almanach de Gotha."

I simply endeavor to give an idea of the tendencies of what the papers call the highest society of Uncle Sam.

Democracy, while it is supposed to have the effect of leveling the classes, in reality first vulgarizes and then divides them.

The very platitude, the very unpictur-

esqueness, of everything in this republic of Uncle Sam, forces those with leisure and money to manufacture variety, to set up artificial distinctions, to imitate foreign models.

Those who are not captivated by exotic nobility pay the homage of admiration to Vanderbilt and Gould, Mackey and Crocker.

Politics is a favorite topic of conversation in all circles of society.

Politics in America do not estrange and separate families, as they do in France.

You meet people of all political complexions at a reception of the President.

The politicians fight during a campaign, but when the vote is cast, they clasp hands.

They forgive and forget.

The politicians of Uncle Sam, whatever else may be said of them, are not petty.

They do not, as with us, change the names of streets and the heads on postage-stamps, with every change of administration.

Some of the old politicians of Uncle Sam are very amusing in a parlor. They will speak as though they were on the hustings.

I have been told an interesting example.

During the Grant-Greeley campaign some one ventured to remark, at an evening party,

that anything ought to be done to beat Grant.

Without regard to the ladies and gentlemen of different opinions present, Colonel Mason drew himself up and shouted :

“ Beat Grant ! Build a worm fence round a winter supply of summer weather, catch thunderbolts in a bladder, break a hurricane to harness, hang out the ocean on a grapevine to dry, but never, never expect to beat Grant ! ”

I alluded to the love which girls in this country have for titled personages.

I knew of one girl, however, who was not to be taken by the tinsel.

Her name was Dora Dion.

She was an actress at the time.

Afterward she married a wealthy gentleman of Newport.

“ No, I do not like this country at all,” languidly remarked a noble attaché of the Austrian Legation to her one evening ; “ and what execrably bad French you all speak here in Washington ! ”

‘ Ah, Monsieur le Comte, you see,” replied Dora Dion, quickly, “ we have not, like you, had the advantage of having

the French twice in our capital to give us lessons."

But this is an aside.

It proves little, nothing.

Most of the so-called society here is unrepublican.

Do not think I exaggerate.

To find out that society and politics in the United States are substantially as I sketch them, you have only to read the novelists.

Read "Uncle Tom's Cabin," by Mrs. Stowe, and "A Fool's Errand," by Tourgee.

Procure that wicked little book, "Sub Rosa," by Murray—a sketch on the Washington of the days of Mr. President Arthur.

Read "Through One Administration," by Mrs. Burnett, and "Democracy," by Mrs. Adams.

Read the "Breadwinners," by Mason, and the "Moneymakers," by Keenan.

There you will see pictures of the aristocracy, plutocracy, of Uncle Sam.

Hail a cab, drive to the theatre, buy a ticket, and witness some of their plays that have political tendencies.

They are not great plays, like those of Sardou or Dumas—we should call them

charges—but they will do to give you an idea of the types and opinions and words of the politicians of Uncle Sam.

There is Frank Mayo as *Davy Crockett* in the play of that name by Murdock.

There is J. T. Raymond as *Colonel Mulberry Sellers* in the "Gilded Age," by Mark Twain.

Sellers, as you don't remember, is the politician who goes in "for the old flag—and an appropriation!"

There is J. T. Raymond, again, in "For Congress," a satire in five acts by David D. Lloyd.

The relations of the stage and politics are not as intimate here as with us.

But the politicians of Uncle Sam are not sensitive about allusions to themselves on the stage.

They do not imitate Sir Robert Walpole, who went behind the scenes one night and caned an actor who, in "The Beggar's Opera," alluded satirically to one of his pet political schemes.

President Cleveland, I hear, laughed heartily when told that they parodied his Western trip at Dockstader's.

Mr. Blaine, at the Casino, in New York, about a year ago applauded as much as any one Francis Wilson's hits at him in a topical song.

Mr. Butler shook with merriment when, during the run of Rice's "Evangeline," he saw himself burlesqued on the boards.

Judge Thurman, when they introduced his personality in Strauss's "Night in Venice," smiled and said: "We politicians are public property. These fellows are only doing for us what Aristophanes did for the politicians of Athens over two thousand years ago."

I spoke of Dockstader.

Permit me to give an instance of quick *repartee* by that minstrel.

Warbling a ditty one night on the stage, about Canada being the Mecca to which the political defaulters of Uncle Sam escape, he was somewhat surprised to hear some hisses mingled with the applause.

Turning around quickly, he looked steadily in the direction whence came the hissing, and remarked:

"I was not aware that there were any boodlers in the house, but if I have hurt the

feelings of any one by that song I am sorry for them."

If you ever come to New York, you must not fail to go to Harrigan's. At that theatre you can see the different types of local and national politicians most pungently caricatured.

And then there is William J. Florence as the *Hon. Bardwell Slote*, in "The Mighty Dollar," a popular play by Woolff.

And "The Crucible," by Oakey Hall, formerly Mayor of New York, now the witty correspondent of the New York *Herald*, from London.

What do we see in all these plays?

We see scheming, selfish, money-seeking, pompous, flatulent politicians. There may be exaggeration, there may be caricature, in these portraitures; but there are also many striking resemblances.

We meet characters in these plays whom we may come across at any reception in Washington—Senators, Congressmen, office-seekers, judges, claimants, patent and pension agents, railroad lawyers.

We meet lobbyists who receive \$15,000 a year for their services in engineering bills and claims through Congress.

We meet interesting orphans and sympathetic widows who have been placed as clerks in the departments at \$900 a year, or \$1,200, by the influence of some friendly legislator anxious for his own, their, and his country's good.

But why speak of this any further?

I know you are not over-fond of politics just now.

I can readily imagine you humming with Béranger :

“ Oh, mistress mine, on whom I dote,
Though you complain 'tis hard
That to my country still I give
Too much of my regard !
If politics—nay, even to lash
Abuses—be a bore,
Be reassured, sweet mistress mine,
I'll talk of them no more !”

CHAPTER III.

THE RHYMESTERS.

“Our statesman true and grand !
We clasp once more the hand
Of freedom’s chief—The noble man of Maine !
All hail ! all hail ! the chief !”

MEN who write and sing political rhymes have always played an important part in the domain of Uncle Sam.

Rhymes please the ears of the masses, and are easily retained by untrained memories.

It is sound, rather than sound sense, which takes the crowd.

The land where there is little reason in politics, is the land where there is much politics in rhyme.

“Pardon me, Mesdemoiselles,” said M. Paul Albert, addressing a class of fashionable young ladies on history one afternoon—
“pardon me for the few historical facts I am compelled to give you !”

I make the same apology, blow the dust from the exceedingly dry and unpicturesque history of this land of pork and plutocrats, and proceed to dazzle you with my newly acquired information.

Philip Freneau, a journalist, ship-captain, magazine-writer, government clerk, seems to have been one of the most effective rhymesters of the American Revolution. He was a cross between a libeler of the Fronde in France and a ballad writer of the time of the Great Rebellion in England. There is never the grace, the elegance, the wit, of some of our political chansonniers about this fellow. He strikes as hard as a clergyman, when excited, thumps his pulpit desk. He is interesting, however, and he never minces matters,

One of his squibs runs after this wise :

“ When a certain great King, whose initial is G,
Forces stamps upon paper, and folks to drink tea,
When these folks burn his paper, like stubble,
You may guess that this King is coming to trouble.”

Rivington, editor of the *Gazette*, was one of the men whom Freneau hated. He told him many unvarnished truths.

“ You must know as well as I,
Your first great object is to lie.”

His hatred of Rivington was only exceeded by his hatred of Great Britain. He prayed, in 1775, that God may deliver us—

“ From the Caitiff, Lord North, who would bind us in chains,

From our noble King Log, with his tooth-full of brains,
Who dreams, and is certain [while taking a nap]

He has conquered our lands as they lay on his map.

From a kingdom that bullies, hectors, and swears,

I send up to heaven my wishes and prayers,

That we, disunited, may freemen be still, and Britain go on—to be damned, if she will.”

During the administration of Washington. when, as you know, there was some danger of a rupture with France, the epigrammatists and rhymesters flooded the papers with their squibs, their skits, and their couplets. One of the best of these ephemeral productions is the epigram on William Smith, who moved ten resolutions for defense, and afterward added two more.

“ Twelve motions Smith in one day made,
Yet the mountain brought forth but a mouse.
The next motion he makes, let us pray,
He may move himself out of the House.”

In the political contests which ensued between Federalists and Republicans, between Democrats and Whigs, between Republicans and Democrats, the jingle of the political rhymesters was most distinctly audible and markedly influential.

Robert Treat Paine, whose political song, "Adams and Liberty," contains such excruciating lines as—

"For ne'er shall the sons of Columbia be slaves,
While the earth bears a plant or the sea rolls a wave,"

—this man headed the list of political campaign rhymesters.

This is a select and dreaded body of versifiers, who every four years vie with the prose writers and stump speakers of Uncle Sam in making a great hulla-baloo.

They publish fulsome encomiums on their own candidates. They lie about the candidates of the other side.

We would wonder how "My Country, 'tis of Thee," by Smith, ever conquered the place it holds, if we did not know what rubbish are the words of even the "Marseillaise," by Rouget de Lisle.

“ Let music swell the breeze,
And ring among the trees
Sweet freedom's song !
Let mortal tongues awake,
Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong !”

The crowd does not care for the words of rhymes and songs ; in fact, it hardly ever knows more than one stanza and half a chorus ; but the crowd cares a great deal for the tune.

The patriots who during the war had sung themselves hoarse with “ Yankee Doodle,” trolled the “ Battle of the Keys ” of Francis Hopkinson, later shouted in the “ Hail Columbia ” of Joseph Hopkinson, and, still later, were fired to enthusiasm by the “ Star Spangled Banner ” of Francis Key.

This political song, I should remark, was first written on the back of an old letter in 1814, while the author watched the bombardment by the British of Fort McHenry, near Baltimore.

“ On that shore dimly seen through the mists of the deep,
Where the foe's haughty host in silence reposes,
What is it that the breeze o'er the towering steep,
As it fitfully blows, now conceals, now discloses ?

Now it catches the gleam of the morning's first beam,
In full glory reflected now shines in the stream,
'Tis the Star Spangled Banner, oh long may it wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave !''

Pretty, is it not, and patriotic ?

Oh, get these gentlemen well aroused, and
they will do !

Now the rhymester of the Democrats sings
such lines as these :

“ We are Cleveland standard-bearers, marching with the
mighty throng ;

You can see our colors waving, you can hear our battle
song.

From the hill-tops and the valleys they are gathering in
their might

For Cleveland and for Thurman, and for justice, truth,
and right.

We stand upon a platform without a plank that's loose,
And we will show these pigtail candidates just how to
cook a goose.

“ We will shake the red bandanna till the rats run in their
holes ;

Grandfather's name can't save them when we rally at the
polls.

“ Their loud talk on the tariff and of ‘ free trade ’ is too
thin ;

The people now are finding out just where the laugh
comes in ;

Monopolists and millionaires of course will loudly bawl,
But they cannot fool the workingmen, who'll get right
there this fall.

The frauds they've played in years gone by we're watch-
ing for again ;

Their party lies are getting stale ; their object is too plain."

And the champion of the Republicans
gives vent to his feelings thus :

" Protection forever ! ring out your loyal cry,
Pull down the red bandanna, raise the Stars and the
Stripes on high ;
With Harrison and Morton we will make free trade fly,
Shouting the battle cry, ' Protection.'

" Free trade has proved the country's bane whenever it
was tried—

Our industries were crying for ' Protection ' ;
Disaster followed in its wake, with ruin far and wide.
Till every one called loudly for ' Protection.'

" ' Good wages paid for honest work ' is written on our
flag.

Such is the spirit of Protection ;
And every banner lacking this is but a worthless rag.
Affording not a single soul ' Protection.'

" We believe in giving every man a chance to earn his
bread,

' Shouting the battle cry, ' Protection.'
No matter how he labors, with his hands or with his head,
Shouting the battle cry, ' Protection.'

“We extend to all deserving ones a welcome to our land,
Shouting the battle cry, ‘Protection.’
They help us much in building up a nation truly grand,
Shouting the battle cry, ‘Protection.’

“They raise on high the good old flag, and haste to join
our band,
Shouting the battle cry, ‘Protection.’
And soon the glorious cause will spread throughout this
favored land,
And every one will raise the shout, ‘Protection.’”

Though the Americans were not and are
not, like the French, a “peuple chansonnier,”
a song-loving people, though they do not,
like the old partisans of the Fronde, when
meeting in the street, ask in rhyme—

“Etes vous du parti,
Mon ami,
Du Condé, Longueville, et Conti?”

The nephews of Uncle Sam have always
had a fancy for such stuff as this :

“Adams, the Great,
In envied state,
Issued a Proclamation
That each free State
Abstain from meat
With deep humiliation,

Let 'Ristocrats,
Those scurvy brats,
Keep fast with fear and mourning."

But most of the campaign rhymes produced here have the merit of brevity. The ballad writers of Uncle Sam produce their verse somewhat as the pedant Porson said Charles James Fox produced his sentences: they throw themselves into the middle of it, and trust to God Almighty to get them out again.

One of the most popular and absurd of the political rhymes ever written in any land outside of Zanzibar was the campaign ditty "Tippecanoe, and Tyler too," concocted by Ross to help a nobody into the White House in Washington. I read this jingle only the other day in the Congressional Library—a building, by-the-way, where the cuspidores are ranged in better order than the books.

" Oh, what is causing this great commotion, motion,
motion, our country through?

It is the ball that's rolling on for Tippecanoe, and Tyler
too!

For Tippecanoe, and Tyler too.

And with them we'll beat little Van, Van, Van,
Van, oh he's a used-up man!"

It was at that time, in 1840, that Tuplett, of Kentucky, had the audacity to quote such a campaign catch as this in the House of Representatives.

“No Prices or Swartwouts, or such deceivers,
Shall be appointed cash receivers,
And no man who is given to grabbin’,
Shall ever enter this log-cabin.”

Such lines caught the popular taste.

The herds who gather in public halls at campaign time, full of enthusiasm and whisky, do not mind the nonsense of the lines they bellow. They rather shout :

“Yankee Doodle, keep it up,
Yankee Doodle dandy,
Mind the music and the step
And with the girls be handy.”

The rhymesters do not generally mind the advice contained in the third line of this stanza. They meet the requirements of the fourth, however. I have observed them at balls and parties. The politicians of Uncle Sam, be they poets, pamphleteers, orators, diplomats, or journalists, soon adapt themselves to circumstances.

The Civil War, the fight between the North and South about union and slavery, from 1861 to 1865, of course produced battalions of rhymers. Most of their work is below notice. The Government of the United States offered a prize of \$500 for the best verses on the struggle, a national hymn, and though eleven hundred and fifty patriotic poems were sent in, none was adjudged worthy of the laurel. They had songs like "John Brown," and "Battle-cry of Freedom," and "Hang Jeff Davis," lots of war hymns, battle songs, but there was no great national rhyme.

No, my dear Uncle Sam, you cannot manufacture a great poem as you do a patent wash-wringer.

I single out the verses of Richard H. Newell, who wrote under the pseudonym "Orpheus C. Kerr," as the one representative rhymers of rebellion days.

He wasn't great, but he was original.

His ballads in dialect, with odd humor in every line, with wit, sarcasm, banter, in almost every stanza, are thoroughly representative.

Read to-day, they tire us a little.

Read in the midst of the fray, they must have been very effective.

In his "Carol of the Confederate Beggar" he ridicules the depreciation of Southern currency and the loftiness of Southern pride.

"Though but fifty thousand dollars
Be the sum of all I own,
Yet I'm merry with my begging
And I'm happy with a bone ;

"Nor with any brother beggar
Does my heart refuse to share,
Though a thousand dollars only,
Be the most I have to spare.

"I am shabby in my seven
Hundred dollar hat of straw,
And my dinner's but eleven
Hundred dollars in the raw ;
Yet I hold my head the higher,
That it owes the hatter least,
And my scanty crumbs are sweeter,
Than the viands of a feast."

Above I spoke of the rejected national rhymes. One of Newell's best letters, dated Washington, August, 1861, was written on this very subject. He gives specimens of some supposed hymns sent in to the Com-

mittee, and parodies the style of some well-known authors.

It is extremely difficult to choose from among Newell's many rhymes.

I select the poem he calls "Repudiation," published at the beginning of the war.

" 'Neath a ragged Palmetto a Southerner sat,
A-twisting the band of his Panama hat,
And trying to lighten his mind of a load
By humming the words of the following ode :
' Oh for a nigger, and oh for a whip !
Oh for a cocktail, and oh for a nip !
Oh for a shot at old Greeley and Beecher !
Oh for a crack at a Yankee school-teacher !
Oh for a captain, and oh for a ship !
Oh, for a cargo of niggers each trip !'
And so kept oh-ing for all he had not,
Not contented with owing for all that he had got."

I am not surprised to hear that when a new ballad by Newell appeared in its day, President Lincoln, with his feet up, read the rhyme to his Cabinet officers seated around the table.

Of late years political rhymers have appeared on the stage of the different theatres throughout the Union. They do for politicians here almost as much as Paulus did for General Boulanger in Paris.

Popular comedians, like Edward Harrigan, Nat Goodwin, Digby Bell, Lew Dockstader, De Wolf Hopper, Tony Pastor, Jimmy Powers, Henry Dixey, Francis Wilson, have, while playing operette, or local farce, or burlesque, introduced "topical songs," which allude to passing political events in a humorous, sarcastic strain.

The "topical song" is immensely popular.

Hewitt, author of "It's English, you know," satirizing the Anglomaniacs, made a fortune for Dixey.

The comedian who has a good topical song at his tongue's end is sure of his encores.

Harrigan sings these verses descriptive of a local politician :

“ In a quiet little room,
At the back of a saloon
That stands at the top of Cherry Hill,
Where men from tinemints
Hould lengthy argymints
On everything beside th' liquor bill ;
The owner of the place
Has a Connemara face,
A leader—d'ye hear me ?—thro' and thro' ;
When he comes in the dure
We all bow t' th' flure
With 'Old Boss Barry, how d'ye do ?’

CHORUS.

‘ Then it’s ‘ Old Boss Barry, how d’ye do ;
 Is there anything that we can do for you ?
 Come, tell us of your plan,
 We’re wid you to a man,
 For Old Boss Barry hip hurroo ! ’

“ He’s a dude in the ward,
 And he’s perfectly adored
 By those to the front and in th’ rear;
 And to his constituents
 He speaks wid eloquence
 So flowingly beside a keg o’ beer.
 For county an’ th’ State,
 He’s th’ maker of the slate.
 A leader—d’ye hear me ?—thro’ and thro’;
 Sure th’ rank an’ th’ file
 They greet him all the while
 With ‘ Old Boss Barry, how d’ye do ? ’

“ He’ll have his men in line,
 ’Round about election time—
 Yes, all from the top of Cherry Hill.
 Sure he could colonize
 And really paralyze
 The party that would vote agin his will;
 No office would he take,
 Just let him take a rake
 Of boodle—d’ye hear me ?—thro’ and thro’;
 Sure he’s in and never out,
 That’s why the people shout,
 ‘ Old Boss Barry, how d’ye do ? ’ ”

One of the wittiest, cleverest writers of the "topical song" is Sydney Rosenfeld.

He is in reality a Frenchman who has lost his way in America.

To a foreigner the full meaning of a "topical song" referring to local politics is not always entirely clear, but Rosenfeld always manages to write with point and pith.

While witnessing "Erminie," at the beautiful Casino in New York, I heard Francis Wilson sing the following verses alluding to the closing of music-halls by the police.

"Tell us, Dickie birds, do,
What makes Sunday laws so blue
And likewise won't you please to make it clear,
Why it is considered wrong,
Ven you're listening to a song,
To vet your whistles with a glass of beer?
Does the beer spoil the song?
Or the song spoil the beer?
That is what don't appear werry clear.
Is it a sin to drink gin, when the fiddlers are gay?
I wonder what the Dickie birds say?"

Like everything that is popular here, the travesty and the "topical song" are being done to death.

Too many comedians allude to local poli-

tics, to the detriment of the play which they interpret.

I have seen some of the leading figures in the politics of the country travestied on the stage. Comedians boldly make up behind the footlights as Ingersoll, or Ben Butler, or Conkling, or Thurman, or Garland.

Too much "topical song" is a nuisance.

Wilson is right when he sings :

" I wish I had nodings to do all de night
But to sing local songs to give you delight,
But de duties I owe, don't you see, to the house,
Compel me to turn my attention to Strauss.
And local allusions dough great in effect,
Ain't treating his nibbs mit sufficient respect.
Besides, the foundation of genuine fun
Ish to shtop before the fun is all done.
Ven a ditty is not witty, it most always sometimes bores,
And there should be some Committee, some Committee
on encores,
Vat a pity, pity, for a vitty ditty
There's no Committee on encores."

CHAPTER IV.

THE PAMPHLETEERS.

I HAVE sometimes thought that Colonel Tom Ochiltree, of Texas, would have made a capital political pamphleteer.

He is such an irrepressibly audacious speaker that he would, I am certain, have made a readable public writer.

The old hat, the red hair, the yarns of Colonel Tom Ochiltree, have become proverbial here.

Let me illustrate his presence of mind by an anecdote.

"There was a section of 'Texas,'" Captain Davis relates, "which was populated almost entirely by sheep-raisers ; consequently the wool, and the tariff thereon, was of much importance to them, and always entered into political arguments. Now, Ochiltree knew as much about wool and the tariff as he does now about the inside of Trinity church, but he had to make a speech for all that. After talking for some time without saying anything that seemed to have the slightest effect upon the sheep men, Ochiltree was suddenly inspired. His eye beamed, his smile died

away, leaving an expression of extreme horror and fearfulness, and his right hand was raised warningly. 'I'll tell you something, gentlemen, that I had hoped to be able to spare you,' said Ochiltree, in impressive tones. 'You are not yet aware that the opposing party is about to visit upon your devoted heads a most terrible infliction.'

"Here the crowd showed signs of awakening, and betrayed some interest.

"'Yes,' continued the orator, 'they have invented and are about to import into this fair State a most horrible thing—a polariscope, they call it, and to such intelligent men that is enough to say. Yes, gentlemen, a polariscope! Think, then, of your misery and woe should those robbers get into power! It is against such men that I ask you to elect me.'

"A deep silence followed for a moment. The crowd grew fearful. What danger threatened them they did not know, and the awful uncertainty increased their terror. Finally the suspense was too great, and a dozen rose to their feet at once and asked, 'What is a polariscope?'

"Ochiltree paused, and viewed the crowd with pitying glances, as though sincerely regretting their illiteracy. The question was repeated louder and stronger than before. Ochiltree shifted uneasily from one foot to another, took a glass of water, coughed, and then looked at the crowd, now clamoring wildly for knowledge of the terrible danger.

"Ochiltree was cornered. The cries grew louder. The speaker waved his hand, and there was silence. Then the candidate leaned over his deal table and said, confidentially and quietly, 'Boys, I'm blest if I know what it is, but it'll kill all your sheep, sure as thunder!'

"That was enough, and they voted for him."

“ Oh, lend me that ! ” exclaimed the Empress Eugénie to Gustave Flaubert at Compiègne one day, as she perceived him surreptitiously showing a copy of the forbidden *Lanterne*, by Rochefort, to a friend. “ It must be witty. I want to read it.”

No one, to my knowledge, ever said the same thing, expressed the same anxiety to read a pamphleteer of Uncle Sam.

But I run before my horse to market.

Let us see what the pamphleteers have done, and then decide.

Two of the greatest pamphleteers who ever did service in the politics of Uncle Sam were born on the soil of John Bull.

I mean Thomas Paine and William Cobbett.

They found pamphleteering a very brisk business when they landed in this country, and they went into the business with all the zest of Prynne and Lilburne, of Roger L' Estrange and Daniel Defoe.

Though Adams and Otis, Jefferson and Dickinson, had written pamphlets on public affairs, not one of their pamphlets had attracted the attention which, in 1776, was aroused by the “ Common Sense ” of Thomas

Paine. Terse, incisive, simple in style, this thin duodecimo was purchased throughout the country with as much eagerness as is a novel or a play suppressed by the authorities.

The opening words have become historic.

"These are the times that try men's souls."

The body of the work abounds in maxims as pithy as any in Bacon and as full of horse-sense as any in Franklin:

"The nearer any Government approaches to a republic, the less business there is for a king." "The sun never shone on a cause of greater worth. 'Tis not the affair of a city, a county, a province, or a kingdom, but of a continent—of at least one-eighth part of the habitable globe. 'Tis not the concern of a day, a year, or an age; posterity are virtually involved in it even to the end of time."

There are passages in "Common Sense" as lofty in style as any in the pamphlets of Edmund Burke, a man whom Thomas Paine most cordially detested.

"Freedom hath been hunted round the globe: Asia and Africa have long expelled her; Europe regards her like a stranger; and England hath given her warning to depart.

Oh, receive the fugitive and prepare an asylum for mankind !”

For the service thus rendered, Paine received much honor from opponents of Great Britain, and, what he probably liked better than honor, a gift of two thousand five hundred dollars from Pennsylvania.

His “Crisis,” his “Rights of Man,” his “Age of Reason,” were pamphlets which all had a tremendous run.

Paine was given to drink.

The boys in New York used to sing :

“Tom Paine is come from far, from far,
His nose is like a blazing star !”

He was hated, feared, or loved, in Philadelphia and New York, in Paris and London.

He hit hard, and he was hard hit.

Bitter against Washington, because he had not intervened for him when in a French prison, Paine, in 1796, poured out his wrath on the head of the nation.

The “Letter to George Washington, President of the United States of America, on Affairs Public and Private, by Thomas Paine” will, for virulence and vigor, compare with some of the pamphlets of Jonathan Swift.

In the opinion of the pamphleteer, Washington was gifted with "a sort of non-describable, chameleon-colored thing called prudence" rather than with high-principled character.

Washington, according to Paine, was an ungrateful and vain, self-conscious man.

"Treacherous in private friendship [for that you have been to me, and that in the day of danger], and a hypocrite in public life, the world will be puzzled to decide whether you are an apostate or an impostor; whether you have abandoned good principles, or whether you ever had any.

Party feeling never ran higher in the United States than during the early years of the Government. Voltaire, who on visiting London was surprised at the violence of the party passion which dubbed the Duke of Marlborough a coward, and Alexander Pope a fool, would, on visiting America in the first decade of the century, have found plenty of men who were even more bitter and partisan.

Politics in democracies is nothing but the madness of the many for the benefit of the few.

The Republicans and Federalists of those

days grew fierce and vituperative, so that the Jeffersons, the Hamiltons, and the Burrs might profit by their evil passions.

'Tis much the same to-day as when Benjamin Franklin wrote these youthful doggerel verses in a local paper :

“ The retail politician’s anxious thought
Deems this side always right and that stark naught.
He foams with censure, with applause he raves,
A dupe to rumors, and a tool to knaves.”

William Cobbett was a pamphleteer of that time and for that time. If he had lived in the days of the Great Rebellion, he would have overwhelmed Cromwell and the Roundheads with his pamphlets. As he lived in the era of a young Democracy, he assailed Jefferson, and the Republicans with them.

The titles of his pamphlets, like those of so many of the olden time, were quaint and lengthy.

There were, among others :

“ Comprehensive Story of a Farmer’s Bull.”

“ Democratic Memoirs.”

“ The Bone to Gnaw for the Democrats.”

“ The Democratic Principles.”

Issued under the noted pen name of “ Peter

Porcupine" these pamphlets raised Cobbett's reputation to the highest pitch, and provoked a swarm of replies, with titles as quaint and as lengthy.

They were, "Twig of Birch for a Butting Calf."

"A Roaster, or a Check to the Progress of Political Blasphemy,"

"A Pill for Porcupine" and "The Impostor Detected."

Who cares for them now? Who reads them now?

One passage in one pamphlet from the pen of Peter Porcupine—his "Life and Adventures," published in 1796—has survived time.

It is the famous comparison between his ancestry and that of Benjamin Franklin Bache, his rival pamphleteer and constant opponent.

"Every one will, I hope, have the goodness to believe that my grandfather was no philosopher. Indeed he was not. He never made a lightning-rod nor bottled up a quart of sunshine in his life. He was no almanac-maker nor quack, nor chimney doctor, nor soap-boiler, nor ambassador, nor printer's

devil. Neither was he a deist; and all his children were born in wedlock. The legacies he left were his scythe, his reap-hook, and his flail. He bequeathed no old and irrecoverable debts to a hospital. He has, it is true, been suffered to sleep quietly beneath the greensward; but if his descendants cannot point to his statue over the door of a library, they have not the mortification to hear him daily accused of having been a profligate, a hypocrite, and an infidel."

This may be plain language, but it is decent language compared with that which was too common in the pamphlet literature of that day.

Men who signed Americus, Camillus, Brutus, and Cato, Lucius and Franklin Bache, John Wood, William Duane, and James Thomson Callender, each one of these pamphleteers indulged in epithets such as Junius dealt out to the Duke of Grafton, and such as Milton poured over Claude Saumaise.

But the pamphleteers of Uncle Sam had none of the other qualities which make us overlook the epithets of Junius and Milton.

Their work is, from a literary point of view, absolutely worthless.

What grace, wit, elegance, was possessed by Paul Louis Courier, the pamphleteer who opposed the absolutism of the Bourbons, and who by his "Pamphlet des Pamphlets" published at the same time a master-piece of style and a master-piece of argument!

There is not a single pamphleteer of Uncle Sam's who comes up to the literary excellence of Courier.

Now and then I run across some pamphlet that reads somewhat like those scattered abroad in France or England.

Take, for instance, "A Shorter Catechism," issued in 1784, and read:

"What is patriotism?"

"A hobby-horse."

"What is liberty?"

"Licentiousness unbridled."

The only men of that early period of Uncle Sam's history who could, if they would, have been excellent political pamphleteers, were James K. Paulding, William Irving, and Washington Irving, the editors of the pamphlet periodical, "Salmagundi."

They touched very seldom on public affairs, and, when they did so, it was in a borrowed style.

Take, for instance, this extract from a "Letter of Mustapha Rub-A-Dub Keli Khan to his friend Assem Hachem, Slave Driver to his Highness, the Bashaw of Tripoli."

It is, of course, an imaginary letter, but it is based on observation of real life.

"Politics, a word which, I declare to thee, has perplexed me almost as much as the redoubtable one of economy, on consulting a dictionary of this language I found it denoted the science of Government, and the relations, situations, and dispositions of States and Empires. Good ! thought I ; for a people governing themselves there would not be a more important subject of investigation. I therefore listened attentively, expecting to hear from ' the most enlightened people under the sun '—for so they modestly term themselves, sublime disputations on the science of legislation, and precepts of political wisdom that would not have disgraced our great prophet and legislator himself ! But alas, Assem ! how continually are my expectations disappointed ? How dignified a meaning does this word bear in the dictionary ! how despicable its common application ! I find it extending to every contemptible discussion of local animosity, and every petty altercation of insignificant individuals. It embraces, alike, all manner of concerns ; from the organization of a divan, the election of a bashaw or the levying of an army, to the appointment of a constable, the personal disputes of two miserable slang whangers, the cleaning of the streets, or the economy of a dirt-cart. A couple of politicians will quarrel, with the most vociferous pertinacity, about the

character of a bum bailiff whom nobody cares for, or the department of a little great man whom nobody knows; and this is called talking politics !”

This may be clever, but the manner is that of Montesquieu, who wrote the “*Lettres Persannes*,” in which he satirized Paris, and the style is that of Goldsmith, who wrote the “*Chinese Letters*,” in which he satirized London.

There is little originality in the pamphlet literature of Uncle Sam.

It is almost all copied after that of Great Britain.

Benton, who wrote a “*Thirty Years’ View of American Politics*,” had perhaps the stuff of a pamphleteer in him. He certainly had virulence enough in his nature, as witness his attack on Cushing :

“He is a man of learning, of talent, of industry—unscrupulous, double-sexed, double-gendered, and hermaphroditic in politics.”

Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, a young man who divides his time between reforming politics and shooting grizzly-bears, might be a pamphleteer if strong partisanship were an essential quality in the composition of one.

“A sneaking doctrinaire with a constitutional proclivity to untruth.”

That is the way Mr. Roosevelt recently wrote of Jefferson.

Some pamphleteers, like White and Hosmer, had great success during the time of the Civil War, but nobody remembers them now.

The trouble with them all is that they are heavy and soporific.

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, a rich manufacturer, published a pamphlet recently called “Triumphant Democracy,” a plea for this country.

It is a stupid work—all scissors and paste-pot.

We may, in fact, say of most of the pamphleteers of Uncle Sam what Canning is reported to have said of Sir John Hippisley’s.

They are so heavy that the Post-office refuses to carry them in an official frank.

Men with pamphleteering propensities here now go into journalism, or write history, or mount the platform.

They also contribute to the *Forum* and the *North American Review*, two monthly magazines which are themselves capital remedies for insomnia.

Religious tracts, the annual reports of corporations, campaign documents, are the only pamphlets now read on the domain of Uncle Sam.

I generally use them wherewith to light my cigarettes.

I light one now, and as the rings of smoke curl upward, I wish I were over your way, my dear Count, sitting with you in front of a café on the boulevard.

CHAPTER V.

THE JOURNALISTS.

"IN the United States," once wrote Henry Ward Beecher, "every worthy citizen reads a newspaper, and owns the paper which he reads."

If you ride in a street-car in the morning, in any city or town of this country, you are convinced of the truth of this dictum.

There are 5,500 daily newspapers published in Germany; 4,092 published in France; 4,000 published in Great Britain.

There are 15,000 daily newspapers issued on the territory of Uncle Sam.

The first newspaper, such as it was, appeared in Boston.

Its title was comprehensive:

Publick Occurrences,

Both Foreign and Domestic.

Boston, Thursday, September 25, 1690.

Harris was the publisher.

Then came the *Boston News Letter*, the *Philadelphia Mercury*, and the *New York Gazette*.

In those days the post-chaise between Boston and New York, a distance of eight hours by rail, set out once a fortnight in the winter months.

To-day the great dailies of New York are sold in Washington—a distance of six hours—at 11 o'clock in the morning.

One of the early journalists of Uncle Sam was John Peter Zenger, of the *New York Weekly Journal*.

In 1734 Zenger was arrested for alleged libel of the provincial Government and thrown into jail. He wrote letters and verses from his place of confinement. His spirit was strong, but his rhyme was weak.

“Oh cruelty unknown before
To any barbarous savage shore,
Much more when men so much profess
Humanity and Godliness !”

The influential papers in the Colonies at the opening and during the struggle of the nephews of Uncle Sam against John Bull were three or four in number.

Samuel Adams issued *The Independent*

Advertiser ; Edes and Gill published *The Boston Gazette* ; and Philip Freneau published the *Freeman's Journal* in Philadelphia.

The history of early journalism in the United States was not without interesting incidents.

Alexander McDougall, an editor of the *Journal*, was put into prison in 1770 for libel on the Assembly. He had received so many sympathetic visitors while in jail that he had to issue a card stating that he would be glad to have the honor of their company between 3 and 6 o'clock.

James Rivington, of the reactionary *Royal Gazette*, one day found his office invaded by the patriot, Colonel Ethan Allen.

A huge mob howled outside.

A bottle of excellent Madeira stood on the table.

"Sir, I have come"—said the officer, peremptorily

"Not another word, my dear Colonel," replied the editor, "till you have taken a seat and a glass of that old Madeira."

The patriot and the anti-patriot drank quietly, deeply, long, while the mob continued to howl outside.

The circulation of papers in these days was very limited. Campbell did not sell more than 300 copies of his *News Letter* when Boston had a population of 8,000. Rivington published only 3,600 copies of the *Gazette* in 1773, though New York had a population of something like 21,876—I was going to say souls, but I remember what Wendell Phillips once said on this point :

“ Fifty millions of—not souls, gentlemen,” he exclaimed, in speaking of the population, “ for it would be a great mistake to say that every man, woman, and child in this country has a soul.”

During the Revolutionary struggle—1776-81—some of the anti-patriot journalists had a hard time.

I have already mentioned Rivington.

I cite another case.

John Mein, of the *Boston Chronicle*, was obliged to flee on account of his royalist opinions.

It was customary in those days, in Boston, to drag an effigy of the Pope and the Devil through the streets on the 5th of November of every year.

Men and boys made an effigy of the un-

popular editor, and tacked on to it the following verses :

“ Mean is the man, Mein is his name,
Enough he's spread his hellish fame.
Infernal furies hurl his soul
Nine millions times from pole to pole !”

After the Revolution, the political party press was most acrimonious.

Thomas Greenleaf, James Cheetham, Philip Freneau, carried on a deadly war with quills, Russell, of the *Massachusetts Sentinel*, and Austin, of the *Chronicle*, were bitter enemies. The one was a Federalist, the other a Republican. Austin one day spoke contemptuously of his rival in Faneuil Hall, and, by way of reciprocity, Russell met Austin on 'Change, and spat into his face.

Though Cobbett was as staunch a Federalist as himself, Russell didn't like him.

“ This imported, or transported, beast,” he wrote of him, “ has been kept as gentlemen keep a fierce *Bull Dog* against thieves, Jacobins, and Frenchmen, and as such he has been a good and faithful dog, and has been fed and caressed accordingly. ”

Such was the style of journalistic intercourse in those days.

The papers I have written about were not dailies. The first daily newspaper published in the United States was issued in 1784 in Philadelphia by Benjamin Franklin Bache. It was styled the *American Daily Advertiser*.

The second daily was the *New York Daily Advertiser*, published in 1785.

One of the oldest papers in the country, still issued, is the *Evening Post*, of New York. It first appeared on the 16th of November, 1801, as the organ of the Federalists. William Coleman was its editor, and among its contributors were Alexander Hamilton and John Jay.

Cheetham, of the *American Citizen*, and Duane, of the *Aurora*, were not always parliamentary.

In those days, patriot orators would make us believe everybody was wise, good, and happy.

The good old days !

Cheetham called Duane a "low-bred foreigner," and Duane retorted by branding Cheetham as "a base wretch."

But why dwell longer on the past ? Why bother over long-forgotten worthies ?

Let us come to the present.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett, of the *Herald*,

Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, Mr. George Jones, of the *Times*, Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, of the *World*, Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the *Sun*, represent the great morning dailies of New York.

Mr. Bennett edits the *Herald* by telegraph, from his yacht, from Paris, from anywhere he happens to be.

The elder Bennett founded the paper in 1835, and soon made it a brilliant success.

To-day it claims to have a legitimate daily circulation of 195,000. The Bennetts both were quick to use the most improved methods for gathering news. In 1846 the *Herald*, under the elder Bennett, first received telegraphic news from Washington. In 1887 young Bennett spent more money than any other newspaper editor for telegraphic news from all parts of the world.

Young Mr. Bennett has a scar over the bridge of his nose, received in a duel, or fight, or something.

Old Mr. Bennett was a capital story-teller. He used to recount, with a certain gusto, the history of the duel between Clinton and Swartwout. There were three shots exchanged without effect.

"Is your principal satisfied?" asked Riker, Clinton's second, after each fire.

"He is not," replied Swartwout's second.

The fourth shot was then exchanged, and Swartwout received Clinton's ball in the calf of his leg.

"Is your principal satisfied now?" again asked Riker.

"He is not."

The fifth ball was discharged, and Clinton's ball again lodged in Swartwout's leg.

"Is your principal satisfied now?" asked Riker.

Swartwout, bleeding profusely, told the second he was not.

"Well, well!" exclaimed Clinton; "he may go to the devil! I'll fire no more."

Though the *Herald* is a success, the *World*, under Mr. Joseph Pulitzer, is pressing it hard. Three years ago this paper had a circulation of from 15,000 to 20,000. To-day, if the attesting notary lie not, it boasts of 150,000.

Mr. Pulitzer came to New York from St. Louis. He is a political speaker, too, and delivers himself in the staccato fashion characteristic of Emile de Girardin.

The best thing about him is his beautiful wife.

The *Herald* is independent in politics; the *World* is mildly Democratic.

The New York *Tribune* is the representative organ of the out-and-out Republicans. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, an associate of Horace Greeley, who founded the paper, is its editor.

He married a lady, a daughter of D. O. Mills, whose ducats aided him considerably.

The founder of the New York *Times*, which is the professed organ of the Independent Republicans, was Henry J. Raymond. The present editor is Mr. George Jones.

Horace Greeley once called Henry Raymond "little villain."

The present editors, successors of Greeley and Raymond, hate each other cordially even unto this day.

Mr. Jones thinks nothing of calling Mr. Reid a liar, and Mr. Reid is not backward in implying that Mr. Jones is a thief.

A big metropolitan daily is a valuable property, estimated at over \$1,000,000.

Editors are as kings. Reporters, correspondents, agents, all over the world are their ambassadors. Politicians crowd their ante-

rooms and court their favor. To gain their good graces the aspiring statesman will do much, and to reward them, if successful, statesmen have ever been prompt and ready.

I cannot begin to give you a list of the journalists who have received foreign missions in return for newspaper services.

Mr. Charles A. Dana, of the *New York Sun*, is an out-and-out Democrat, by profession. He can say disagreeable things in the most artistic way.

At heart he is an aristocrat, with a fondness for bric-à-brac and fine pictures.

His paper throws milk-sops to the poor workingman.

Mr. Murat Halstead, of the *Cincinnati Gazette*, is one of the most violent journalists in the country. This man, who during the late war wanted Sherman turned out of the army for insanity, and Grant for drunkenness; who thought Lincoln ought to be taken by the heels and dashed against a wall—this hot-tempered literary cow-boy now amuses himself by attacking the President.

“The fraudulent President of the United States,” said he, recently, “has taken the back track on the rebel flag question. He has, as the Indian said, vamoosed, absquat-

ulated, puccageed, retired. In a word, he has heard from the country and has heeded. Public opinion has penetrated the hide of the Executive rhinoceros. The gigantic neck that is the boast of the muscular Democracy has been bowed in stolid submission. The prestige of Mr. Cleveland, built upon a series of fictions and assumptions, has suffered irreparable damage. He has been knocked down and dragged out. This is the slashing beginning of the speedy end of him."

That is a specimen of Western journalism. When these men wish to be strong, they become brutal.

That's an Anglo-Saxon trait.

Mr. Henry Watterson, of the *Louisville Courier-Journal*, is an adept poker player, a doughty drinker, and a ready and forcible writer.

Some of his sentences are as pithy as those of Vacquerie.

"Appointments mean disappointments," said he, apropos of some of the President's nominations to office.

I do not know whether we ought to be grateful to Mr. Henry Watterson for having first advocated Mary Anderson in print as a great actress.

That frigid beauty bores me terribly.

Mr. Edwin Godkin, of the *Evening Post*,

of New York, is one of the ablest and best-informed newspaper men in the country. He is an Irishman by birth, an English Liberal by conviction, and an American Independent by profession.

His manner is patronizing. His tone is ironical.

He delights in a sneer quite as much as Gibbon did.

It was he, I believe, who alluded to the loungers on the city park benches as "our leisure classes."

Mr. Godkin hates Mr. Blaine, and Mr. Dana hates Mr. Godkin.

New York is full of bright political writers.

Mr. Joseph Howard, Jr., quick, forward, and familiar, is a chipper, gossipy, feuilletonesque writer.

The ladies of the stage like him.

Mr. Charles R. Miller, of the *Times*, polite and genial, a linguist and a diner-out, writes a hand like Horace Greeley. His copy, too, is somewhat like that of Choate.

It looks like a gridiron struck by lightning.

What Mr. Amos Cummings, of the *Sun*, Mr. Horace White, of the *Post*, Mr. Ballard Smith, of the *World*, Mr. Benjamin Wood,

of the *News*, don't know of politics, you can put into your match-box.

Mr. Cummings is also a Representative in Congress, from New York.

He speaks quite as picturesquely as he writes.

Most of the editors of Uncle Sam, I should add, are much better informed on our politics than we are on theirs.

The newspapers of New York are not as influential throughout the United States as the newspapers of Paris are throughout France.

There is no centralization of intelligence here.

Chicago, St. Louis, New Orleans, San Francisco, Boston, Cincinnati, rival New York in journalistic enterprise. Mr. Medill, of the *Chicago Tribune*, Mr. McLean of the Cincinnati *Enquirer*, Mr. McClure, of the Philadelphia *Times*, Mr. Field, of the *Chicago News*, Mr. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, are most powerful.

Some of the editors have a tremendous opinion of their importance.

Mr. Dorsheimer, of the New York *Star*, was one of these.

He was walking along a country road on a summer day and met William R. Travers, the witty clubman, in a buggy. He was asked to jump in and take a seat.

"I am afraid there isn't room," said Mr. Dorsheimer.

"D-d-don't y-you think," replied Travers, stuttering, "that, that p-p-p-perhaps, you, you, aren't such a b-b-b-big man as you think you are!!!"

Self-interest is largely at the bottom of the politics of most of the editors of Uncle Sam. Mr. Pulitzer, of the *World*, disliked President Cleveland for some time because he did not appoint his friend Gibson to the post of Minister at Berlin. Mr. Whitelaw Reid, of the *Tribune*, advocated Mr. Blaine for President because he knew that under his administration he would get a Cabinet office. Mr. Bennett, of the *Herald*, supports Cleveland because Cleveland appointed Mr. Isaac Bell, Jr., his brother-in-law, Minister to the Netherlands. The opposition of Mr. Dana, of the *Sun*, to President Cleveland had its root in the unwillingness of President Cleveland to appoint his friend Bartlett to some office.

William Henry Hurlbert, who used to be the brilliant editor of the *World*, and who wrote strong letters to the *Herald* for Cleveland during the last campaign, now bitterly hates the President.

He expected a mission, and didn't get it.

We read of vituperation in the early history of the journalism of Uncle Sam. Duff Green hated James Watson Webb. Major Noah and Park Benjamin hated James Gordon Bennett. We have seen that Clinton and Swartwout hated each other so thoroughly that they exchanged not only adjectives, but pistol-shots.

In the old slavery days, when Brooks, of South Carolina, attacked Sumner, of Massachusetts, with a cane in the Senate Chamber, and knocked him senseless, the Richmond *Whig* wrote: "The only regret we feel is that Mr. Brooks did not employ a horse-whip upon his slanderous back instead of a cane."

The Petersburg *Intelligencer* spoke of "the blackguard Sumner."

This was all very bad, but it was hardly worse than what Mr. Dana wrote of President Cleveland just before his election about three years ago.

"If his mode of life is beastly ; if he is given to coarse intrigues and purchased amours ; if he is, in short, not a man, but an animal, then we do not want him for President of the United States. We do not believe the American people will knowingly elect to the Presidency a coarse debauché, who would bring his harlots with him to Washington and hire lodgings for them conveniently to the White House."

There are libel laws in this country, but they are seldom called into use.

I have spoken, *en passant*, of the great editors.

I want to say a word of their correspondents at Washington.

There are about 102 of them here, representing 105 daily papers.

The dean of them all was Ben Perley Poore, of the Providence *Journal* and the Boston *Budget*.

General Henry V. Boynton, a soldier as well as a writer, represents the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette*. Mr. Charles Nordhoff is the representative of the New York *Herald*.

These older men, thrown in with several generations of politicians, have a great fund of anecdotes.

It is amusing to sit in the offices of their

papers in Washington, and hear them speak of the past.

Ben Perley Poore was an authority on Lincoln.

"Mr. Lincoln was hardly installed in the White House," he tells us, "before the wild hunt for office commenced. Among other good stories told of him was one of a man who came day after day asking for a foreign mission. At last the President, weary of his face, said: 'Do you know Spanish?' 'No,' said the eager aspirant, 'but I could soon learn it.' 'Do so,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'and I will give you a good thing.' The needy politician hurried home and spent six months in studying Ollendorf's Grammar. He then reappeared at the White House with a hopeful heart and a fine Castilian accent, and the President presented him with a copy of 'Don Quixote,' in Spanish."

The lobby—that great devil-fish whose tentacles clutch clammily at the National Treasury—could never get on the blind side of Mr. Lincoln. He treated them with courtesy, but would never encourage their schemes. His favorite among the Washington correspondents was Mr. Simon B. Hans-

com, a shrewd Bostonian, who had been identified with the earlier anti-slavery movements, and who used to keep Mr. Lincoln informed as to what was going on in Washington, carrying him what he heard, and seldom asking a favor. "I see you state," said the President to Hanscom one day, "that my administration will be the 'reign of steel.' Why not add that Buchanan's was the reign of stealing?"

Mr. Boynton relates what Forney, of the *Philadelphia Press*, told him of his autograph collection.

"Washington's state papers, his letters and his accounts, are models of order and cleanliness, rather set off by his antique spelling. James Madison wrote a small, beautiful hand, in keeping with his chaste and classic oratory. General Jackson wrote with the direct boldness of his nature, though somewhat indifferent as to his orthography. James Buchanan prided himself upon his cautious style, his careful spelling, his exact punctuation, and the absence of interlineations. Henry Clay wrote plainly, like an outspoken and intrepid soul. Webster's hand, without being ornate, was strong. George M. Dallas was a master of the art: nothing could be more exquisite or more graceful, in manner and matter, than his notes and letters. John Van Buren was not nearly so exact as his great father. Albert Gallatin wrote like copper-plate. Stephen A. Douglas dashed off his letters without much regard to

appearance. He seemed to be always under a high pressure, and what he wrote was written with intense feeling. John C. Frémont signs his name boldly, a little after the Dickens style. William H. Seward was excessively particular in the preparation of his speeches, and composed with deliberation. I heard an old stenographer say that after he had taken down Mr. Seward, literally, in one of his greatest efforts, and presented him the full report, the statesman recast the whole discourse, and sent it to the printer's in his own hand."

Mr. Nordhoff, of the *Herald*, often goes back to the past.

"The visitors at the house of the late Mr. Seaton, of the *National Intelligencer*," he will tell you, perhaps, "included all the leading personages of the day; and even John Randolph was softened by the accomplishments of Mrs. Seaton. Mr. Randolph sat near Mr. Seaton, and on one occasion, when Mr. Clay, speaking in his not unusual personal and self-sufficient strain, said, among other things, that 'his parents had left him nothing but indigence and ignorance,' Randolph, turning to Mr. Seaton, said in a stage whisper to be heard by the company: 'That gentleman might continue the alliteration, and add *insolence*.'"

I come to some more correspondents.

Mr. Elbridge G. Dunnell represents the New York *Times*. He is a master statistician, a clear writer. He looks young, but is, in experience, old.

Mr. M. G. Seckendorf is the correspondent of the New York *Tribune*. He is *distingue* in appearance, and reliable.

Mr. T. C. Crawford writes to the New York *World*.

Most of these regular correspondents at Washington belong to the "Gridiron," a club where good-cheer and good-fellowship go together.

The biggest politician in Washington treats the visiting-cards of the leading correspondents with respect. These men often make public opinion, voice it, all through the dominion of Uncle Sam.

Every large daily in the country has its regular office in Washington, and it is kept up at great expense. The communications with the home office are carried on by telegraph.

If Mrs. Cleveland takes a drive on Pennsylvania Avenue at 3 o'clock in the afternoon in Washington, or Mrs. Secretary Whitney is confined with a girl, the great news is

known in San Francisco at 7 o'clock the next morning.

Mr. E. B. Wight, who is the correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* and the Boston *Journal*, looks very much like M. de Blowitz.

Mr. Harrington is the New York correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune*, and an amiable and able man he is, too.

Mr. William C. McBride is one of the most pungent of the journalists here.

I remember he once compared the head of a certain politician to a prize pumpkin at a fair.

Mr. Frank G. Carpenter, of the Cleveland *Leader*, signs his letters "Carp," just as that well-known journalist, Mr. George Alfred Townsend, now in New York, signs his "Gath."

They both have a wide acquaintance with public men, they both write in an entertaining, if in the long run somewhat monotonous, way.

I don't remember whether it was Mr. Carpenter or Mr. Townsend who recently told this story of Judge Poland, of Vermont.

I produce it, all the same :

“ Judge Poland dined at the St. Johnsbury House one day, and remarked to some friends that he was feeling unusually well. ‘ Monday,’ he said, ‘ I am to speak at Hyde Park ’; and this recalled a bit of experience in speech-making, which he recounted in his own inimitable way. ‘ It was at the county fair in Bradford,’ he said, ‘ some years ago, and I was down for an agricultural speech. Some distance from the stand a trial of working oxen was in progress. But I had a good audience, and was just getting warmed up to my subject when, “ Gee ! Haw ! Buck ! ” came from the testing-ground, and in another instant my audience was gone. Those oxen could draw and hold an audience better than I could.’ ”

Let us resume our promenade on “ Newspaper Row,” in Washington.

Messenger boys run against us. The sound of the telegraph clicks in our ears.

Here is Colonel Cockrill, of the *World*, the able right-hand man of Mr. Pulitzer.

He looks like a man who would shoot a man in self-defense, and he did shoot Slayback, of St. Louis, some years ago.

Cockrill affirms that Slayback came into the office and threatened his life.

Mr. Quinton Washington represents the New Orleans *Picayune*. Mr. John M. Carson writes for the Philadelphia *Ledger*. Mr. Frederick Perry Powers telegraphs to the

Chicago *Times*. Mr. A. M. Lyman is the correspondent of the New York *Sun*. Mr. O. O. Stealey does good work for the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Mr. Edmund Hudson sends letters to the Boston *Herald*. Mr. Frank H. Richardson corresponds for the Baltimore *Sun*. Mr. Charles T. Towle finds time to write to the *Traveller*, of Boston. Mr. R. J. Wynne wires to the *Globe-Democrat*, of St. Louis.

What do you care about these names? What do most people, even here, know or care about them?

Journalists here rarely sign their articles. People read them without asking by whom is written what they read.

The difference between an Englishman and a Frenchman, says Theodore Child, can be told immediately by observing how each regards a woman on horseback.

The Englishman looks first of all at the horse, the Frenchman first of all at the woman.

We in France look immediately to the foot of an article for the signature.

Is it signed by Weiss? by About? we ask; by Sarcey? by Lemoinne?

They do not ask that question here.

One of the few journalists in Washington who signs his articles is Mr. Crawford, of the *World*.

He is a great interviewer, an interesting, newsy writer.

I remember his paper on Governor Curtin, ex-Minister to Russia.

On one occasion, he tells us :

“Mr. Curtin went to London for a little rest and change. Napoleon III. was then at Chiselhurst. During Curtin’s stay in London, Chevalier Wyckoff called upon him. He asked him if he would like to call upon the ex-Emperor. Mr. Curtin replied that he would not think of calling upon him without receiving an intimation from Napoleon that he wished to see him. The next day one of the aides-de-camp of Napoleon called upon him and asked him to visit the ex-Emperor at his earliest convenience. Mr. Curtin named 3 o’clock the next day. He was received with a great deal of warmth. The ex-Emperor talked for a long time about his own career, his poverty, his former life in London, and his visit to New York. Finally, after nearly two hours of talk, he came to the real point of his desire to see Curtin. He said to him : ‘You are on intimate terms with Gortschakoff. Have you any objection to telling me what are his real views upon the subject of the re-establishment of the Empire?’ ‘I know what his sentiments upon this subject are,’ said Mr. Curtin, ‘but they are of such a nature that I do not feel at liberty to communicate them to you.’ ‘I understand you,’ said the ex-Emperor,

‘and am much obliged to you for your civility in calling.’

“Gortschakoff’s opinion, which Mr. Curtin withheld, had been very vigorously expressed. He said that this ‘damned French scoundrel’ should never have any help from him in getting back his throne, as he regarded him as a man dangerous to the peaceful condition of affairs in Europe. When Curtin returned to St. Petersburg, Gortschakoff invited him to dinner. During the dinner he said to Curtin, ‘You have been away?’ ‘Yes; in London.’ ‘You saw many people there?’ ‘Yes.’ ‘A number of distinguished people?’ ‘Yes, I saw some prominent American friends of mine.’ ‘I am told that you also saw the man who at one time seemed to hold in his hands the destinies of Europe.’ ‘Yes, I saw him,’ said Mr. Curtin. ‘Have you any objections to telling me the nature of the conversation you had with him?’ ‘It was not important,’ was the reply; ‘it was mainly upon personal topics.’ Here Gortschakoff said, with a very knowing look, ‘I know all the details of that conversation. I am very much obliged to you for your discretion in not communicating to Louis Napoleon my views upon the re-establishment of the French Empire.’ As there was no third person present at the interview between Mr. Curtin and the ex-Emperor, this interview gave him a very high opinion of the completeness of the Russian spy service.”

However all these journalists may differ in politics, intelligence, rectitude, they all have one point in common: they are all anxious for news; they look down on the past; they crave for the present.

We are told that a young writer one day came to Larousse with a manuscript.

"What is the subject of your paper?" asked the atheist journalist of the timid aspirant.

"Monsieur, the subject of the paper which I have the honor to submit to your considerate attention is God—"

Ça manque d'actualité, blandly replied the newspaper man. "Your copy lacks newsmess, timeliness!"

Four out of five of the journalists of Uncle Sam would have said the same thing.

CHAPTER VI.

THE CARICATURISTS.

WE have been in many lands together, my dear Count; we have observed carefully, and we have read much.

I, for my part, have found no country where there are so many oddities, incongruities, absurdities, abuses, as in this land of freedom.

What a field, this, for a caricaturist !

How Aristophanes would have rubbed his hands to have as his subjects the politicians of Uncle Sam !

I will divide the caricaturists here into two classes.

I will speak of those who caricature with the pen, and those who caricature with the pencil.

Mr. James Russell Lowell is one of their cleverest caricaturists with the pen. He has hit, as no one else has done, those familiar figures in politics here called the "sages,"

men who look wise, live in retirement, and speak in slow and ponderous and ambiguous fashion on public affairs.

Turning the pages of the "Biglow Papers," written against the Mexican War, you run across such a "sage," the portrait of Robinson, of Massachusetts, as drawn by one of his admirers.

"We were gettin' on nicely up here to our village,
With good old idees o' what's right and what ain't,
We kind o' thought Christ went agin war and pillage,
And that eppylets weren't the best mark of a saint;
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez this kind o' thing's an exploded idee.

"Parson Wilber sez he never heard in his life
Thet th' Apostles rigged out in their swøller-tail coats
And marched round in front of a drum and a fife,
To git some on 'em office, and some on 'em votes,
But John P.
Robinson he
Sez they didn't know everything down in Judee.

"Wal, it's a marcy we've quiet folks to tell us
The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I vow.
God sends country lawyers, and other wise fellers,
To drive the world's team when it gets in a slough,
Fer John P.
Robinson he
Sez the world'll go all right, ef he hollers out 'Gee!' "

Do you note the sarcasm mingled with exaggeration in this dialect caricature?

Can you understand it?

The leading cartoonist with the pencil, for a long time, was Mr. Thomas Nast.

He is a German by birth, short, stumpy, natty.

His work is to be found in *Harper's Weekly*, and he has many admirers.

He made his hit at the time when Tweed, a New York politician, by his patronage of office, distribution of pelf, and stuffing of ballot-boxes, virtually held the metropolis in his hand. The ring of thieves under the leadership of Tweed put their fingers into the city treasury and helped themselves.

Nast was untiring in his efforts to break this ring.

Week after week he issued cartoons against them.

His greatest success was the companion caricatures, "Wholesale and Retail."

On one side he represented Hall, Tweed, Sweeney, and Connolly, filling their pockets with the contents of the State safe, and then coming out unmolested into the street, saluted by two lines of policemen.

This was "Wholesale."

On the other side, the cartoonist represented a poor man breaking into a baker's shop and stealing a loaf of bread in the window. His starving wife and child stand at a corner of the street. Policemen run up, beat him and seize him.

This was "Retail."

What a contrast! What a lesson!

Everybody understood it.

Tweed feared and hated Nast.

"I don't care what they say or write about me," he remarked, "but I wish those infernal pictures were stopped. They hurt."

The leading colored cartoon paper here is *Puck*; its leading artist is Mr. Joseph Keppler.

Tall, dashing, picturesque in dress he is, like Nast, a native of Germany.

He was, by turns, an actor, a manager, a confectioner.

To-day he is rich; has a villa on the Hudson; dines with the President when he comes to Washington.

Mr. Keppler, who is an excellent draughtsman, uses his pencil with especial skill against temperance fanatics, against ambi-

tious ecclesiastics, against the pretended friends of the workingman.

They say the ideas of his cartoons are given him by his friends.

The execution of them, however, is all his own.

Bosses with big heads, big bellies, big diamonds, are his pet game.

John Kelly, who used to rule New York, was an especially favorite subject of Mr. Keppler's.

The insolence of political bosses, the exaggerations of political campaigns, the corruption of high officials, are pet topics for the caricaturists.

The representative cartoon paper of the Republicans is *Judge*, published in New York.

Mr. Bernhard Gillam, a medium-sized, thin man, with bright, quick eyes, is its leading artist. He was born in England, but he received his education in New York.

Somewhat wooden in his artistic methods, uncertain in his execution, wretched in his coloring, Gillam is full of ideas and very versatile.

He originated the "Tattooed Man," rep-

resenting Mr. Blaine during the last campaign as covered with all the marks of political corruption. Mr. Gillam, who was formerly on *Puck*, and rather coquetted with the Democracy, is now out-and-out for the Republicans.

Political summersaults are quite as common among newspaper men and cartoonists of Uncle Sam as among us.

They could have a "Dictionnaire des Girouettes" quite as interesting as that by Proissy d'Eppes.

Toujours l'argent.

One odd characteristic of American pictorial caricature is this :

The cartoonists habitually put the name of a politician on some part of his picture—just as though the public did not recognize him without this precaution !

This is primitive and unartistic.

When I see this done, I always feel like exclaiming :

"Libel the politicians, gentlemen, but do not label them."

The leading comic paper of the West is the *Wasp*, in San Francisco. It is run by a man by the name of Gassaway, and is bold

and unscrupulous in its methods. I am sometimes amazed how terribly he lashes the powerful railroad magnates.

But politicians and magnates don't seem to mind these things here.

One day in the Senate, we are told, Senator Voorhees exhibited a cartoon from the *Wasp*, in which a fox, with Mr. Blaine's head, lay pretending to be dead in a field, but with one eye very wide open indeed. A flock of geese, each wearing the face of some Presidential possibility, such as Senators Sherman, Evarts, Hoar, Hiscock, etc., were tripping cautiously up to see if Mr. Fox was really dead.

Nobody in the Senate Chamber was more amused than the illustrious gentlemen satirized by the disrespectful artist. Senator Sherman held it off at arm's length, and laughed the peculiar low chuckle which does duty as a laugh for him until he was tired. Senator Hoar grinned sympathetically. Senator Hiscock and Senator Evarts exchanged dignified jokes on the subject. It was the only thing that occurred in the Senate during the whole week that was not as dull as ditch-water.

Mr. Thomas Worth, of *Texas Siftings*, is an adept at depicting the comicalities of low political life. The newly enfranchised negro is his especial hobby. He is skillful, too, in portraying the typical Uncle Sam in his high hat, his short trousers, his swallow-tail coat, with his hooked nose, his firm mouth, and his goatee.

Mr. Rogers, of *Life*, manufactures his political cartoons for the boudoir and the parlor.

Mr. Zimmerman and Mr. Taylor, of *Judge* and *Puck* respectively, are bold, original, and effective

Mr. McDougall, of the *World*, has an occasional squib on local politicians.

He is rather coarse in his methods.

I have often wondered that none of the clever cartoonists of Paris has ever come over here and made caricatures of the politicians of Uncle Sam.

The French, by-the-way, do not play an important rôle in this country.

According to the census of 1880, there were only 106,971 of French nativity in the United States.

They flock to New York, San Francisco, New Orleans, and settle there for a time.

But the French take little interest in public affairs.

They read the *Courier des Etats Unis*, of New York, forget little, and learn little.

Mr. Philip Cusachs, of the *Graphic*, is a fertile political cartoonist.

Like most of his American colleagues, however, he makes portraits rather than caricatures.

Mr. Cusachs speaks French and rolls cigarettes with ease.

Mr. Constantin de Grimm is fitted for Berlin or Paris rather than for New York.

He has not at all penetrated himself with the spirit of the politics of Uncle Sam.

His work is redolent of the Boulevard des Italiens and the Maximilianstrasse.

Though the caricaturists of the pencil are clever, I think those of the pen are more so.

Take Mr. Newell's parody of the style of the "lady correspondents" at Washington.

The writer is supposed to describe a scene in the East Room of the White House during a reception.

"The charming Mrs. L., of Illinois, was richly attired in a frock and gloves, and wore a wreath of flowers from

amaranthine bowers. She was affable as an angel with a new pair of wings, and was universally allowed to be the most beautiful woman present.

"The enthralling Miss C., from Ohio, was elegantly clad in a dress, and wore number four gaiters. So brilliant was her smile that, when she laughed at one of Lord Lyons's witticisms, all one corner of the room was wrapped in a glare of light, and several nervous dowagers cried 'Fire!' Her beauty was certainly the most beautiful present.

"The fascinating Miss L., of Pennsylvania, was superbly robed in an attire of costly material, with expensive flounces. She wore two gloves and a complete pair of ear-rings, and spoke so musically that the leader of the Marine band thought there was an *Æolian* harp in the window. She was certainly the most beautiful woman present.

"The bewitching Mrs. G., from Missouri, was splendidly dressed in a breast-pin and lace flounces, and wore her hair brushed back from her forehead like Mount Athos. Her eyes reminded one of diamond springs sparkling in the shade of whispering willows. She was decidedly the finest type of beauty present.

"The President wore his coat and whiskers, and bowed to all salutations like a graceful door-hinge."

We in Europe consider ourselves of supreme importance, and yet our politics sometimes seem ridiculously small to the caricaturists here.

Read what Mr. Alden, of the *Times*—now Consul at Rome—wrote of our French-Andorran complications, a few years ago.

“It is evident that Europe is on the verge of another great war. France has announced that in case the Republic of Andorra shall persist in refusing to satisfy certain claims, offensive operations against that obstinate State will be begun at once. This is clearly an ultimatum, and as Andorra has never been lacking in self-respect and courage, it is highly improbable that she will accede to the peremptory demand made by France.

“Andorra has been hitherto singularly fortunate in escaping war. In 1831 there was a diplomatic dispute between Andorra and France. A large Frenchman, who was riding on horseback along the northern frontier of Andorra, was thrown over the fence, and before he could regain his feet, he had unintentionally laid waste a large tract of cultivated territory. Andorra's demand for damages was, however, promptly met by the French Government, and the danger of a collision averted. Two years later there was a dispute between Andorra and Spain relative to the invasion of the Andorran back fence by Spanish cats. These animals were accustomed to sit on the fence at night and keep the entire population awake; and the loss of public and private bottles, boots, and other articles thrown at the cats, was a serious drain upon the resources of the republic. A demand was made that Spain should keep her own cats at home, but the demand was rejected. Fortunately, the annual Carlist insurrection broke out just at that time, and the Carlists devoured every cat in the north of Spain, thus averting the bloody conflict between Spain and Andorra which had seemed to be inevitable.

“At the present moment Andorra is straining every nerve to make ready to repel French invasion. The Min-

ister of the Marine has, with his own hands, drawn the navy on shore, painted it, and supplied it with a new pair of oars. The Government Arsenal is working day and night to repair the lock of the musket belonging to the Second Army Corps. The Government has advertised for bids for the construction of a wheelbarrow for the Commissary Department, and has made a contract with a Manchester firm for the delivery of a seven-barreled revolver. The First Army Corps has been sent to the frontier, and the Second will follow as soon as his musket is repaired."

This is typical American caricature. The caricaturist says the drollest, most incongruous things, and yet keeps a perfectly straight face.

Mr. Bill Nye and Mr. Mark Twain are masters of that quiet, unctious humor which seems to be an indigenous product of the country. If either of these men attacks a politician's foibles, there is sure to be a broad smile throughout the land.

I remember having read, several years ago, Mr. Bill Nye's caricature of the pomposity of certain small officials.

It was in the form of a letter supposed to have been written by one of these small officials to the head of the Government.

Here are some extracts.

“POST OFFICE DIVAN, }
LARAMIE CITY, W. T., Oct. 1, 1883. }

“TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES.

“SIR: I beg leave at this time to officially tender my resignation as postmaster at this place, and in due form to deliver the great seal and the key to the front door of the office. The safe combination is set on the numbers 33, 66, and 99, though I do not remember at this moment which comes first, or how many times you revolve the knob, or which direction you should turn it at first, in order to make it operate.

“There is some mining stock in my private drawer in the safe, which I have not yet removed. This stock you may have, if you desire it. It is a luxury, but you may have it. I have decided to keep a horse instead of this mining stock. The horse may not be so pretty, but it will cost less to keep him.

“You will find the postal-cards that have not been used under the distributing-table, and the coal down in the cellar. If the stove draws too hard, close the damper in the pipe and shut the general delivery window.

“Looking over my stormy and eventful administration as postmaster here, I find abundant cause for thanksgiving. At the time I entered upon the duties of my office, the department was not yet on a paying basis. It was not even self-sustaining. Since that time, with the active co-operation of the chief executive and the heads of the department, I have been able to make our postal system a paying one, and, on top of that, I am now able to reduce the tariff on average-sized letters from 3 cents to 2. I might add that this is rather too too, but I will not say

anything that might seem undignified in an official resignation which is to become a matter of history.

“Through all the vicissitudes of a tempestuous term of office I have safely passed. I am able to turn over the office to-day in a highly improved condition, and to present a purified and renovated institution to my successor.

“Mr. President, I cannot close this letter without thanking yourself, and the heads of Departments at Washington, for your active, cheery, and prompt co-operation in these matters. You can do as you see fit, of course, about incorporating this idea into your Thanksgiving proclamation, but rest assured it would not be ill-timed or inopportune. It is not alone a credit to myself : it reflects credit upon the Administration also.”

This is a good specimen of the caricature of Uncle Sam. You find it in almost all the sheets, from Maine to California. The American has no bump of respect on his cranium.

He ridicules everybody.

He feels that all officers of the law are elected by him, and he looks upon them as creatures of his own.

Even the Regular Army, which consists of some 26,058 men—a compact, effective body—is often the subject of laughter. Only a short time ago Mr. Henry Guy Carleton, in the *World*, gave a hazardous but witty caricature of army life.

Even the Navy, an eminently conservative institution — 89 vessels, tonnage 76,730 ; number of guns 542—even this compact, aristocratic branch of the public service, is the butt of caricature. I found this squib in the *Hatchet*, of Washington, some time ago :

“Commodore,” said Secretary Chandler to Commodore Walker last Monday evening, “how many boats have we now in the navy?”

“Four” replied the commodore.

“What kind are they?” inquired the secretary.

“We have a canoe that is being repaired ; a bateau which is also being repaired ; a skiff in good condition, and a dugout that has four holes in its bottom.”

“How many guns do they carry?” continued the strong man of the Cabinet.

“How many what?” repeated Commodore Walker.

“Guns!” said the Secretary.

“Guns, guns! — why, what are guns?” queried the officer.

“Things that are loaded and go off,” replied Mr. Chandler.

“Well, Mr. Secretary,” said Commodore Walker, with a puzzled expression, “the only things I know of in the Navy that get loaded and go off are the officers.” Secretary Chandler discontinued the conversation.

Mr. Mark Twain is, perhaps, Uncle Sam’s leading caricaturist.

His real name is Clemens.

He used to be pilot on a Mississippi River boat.

Now he lives in a fine house near Hartford, rich and dignified.

You may remember his humorous caricature-sketch of the duel between M. Gambetta and M. de Fourtou.

Mark Twain, like most of the nephews of Uncle Sam, has touched on politics. Did you ever read his take-off on the troubles of a senatorial private secretary in Washington?

“I am not a private secretary to a Senator any more, now. I held the berth two months in security and in great cheerfulness of spirit, but my bread began to return from over the waters, then—that is to say, my works came back and revealed themselves. I judged it best to resign. The way of it was this. My employer sent, for me one morning tolerably early, and as soon as I had finished inserting some conundrums clandestinely into his last great speech upon finances, I entered the presence. There was something portentous in his appearance. His cravat was untied, his hair was in a state of disorder, and his countenance bore about it the signs of a suppressed storm. He held a package of letters in his tense grasp, and I knew that the dreaded Pacific mail was in. He said:

“‘I thought you were worthy of confidence.’

“I said, ‘Yes, sir.’

“He said, ‘I gave you a letter from certain of my constituents in the State of Nevada, asking the establishment

of a post-office at Baldwin's Rancho, and told you to answer it, as ingeniously as you could, with arguments which should persuade them that there was no real necessity for an office at that place.'

"I felt easier. 'Oh! if that is all, sir, I did do that.'

"'Yes, you did. I will read your answer for your own humiliation.'

"WASHINGTON, November 24.

"MESSRS. SMITH, JONES, AND OTHERS.

"*Gentlemen*: What the mischief do you suppose you want with a post-office at Baldwin's Rancho? It would not do you any good. If any letters came there you couldn't read them, you know; and besides, such letters as ought to pass through, with money in them, for other localities, would not be likely to get through, you must perceive at once, and that would make trouble for us all. No; don't bother about a post-office in your camp. I have your best interests at heart, and feel that it would only be an ornamental folly. What you want is a nice jail, you know—a nice, substantial jail and a free school. These will be a lasting benefit to you; these will make you really contented and happy. I will move in the matter at once.

"Very truly, etc.,

"MARK TWAIN.

"For James W. N——, U. S. Senator."

"'That is the way you answered that letter. Those people say they will hang me if ever I enter that district again, and I am perfectly satisfied they will, too! Leave the house! Leave it forever and forever, too!'

"I regarded that as a covert intimation that my service could be dispensed with, and so I resigned. I never will be a private secretary to a Senator again. You can't please that kind of people. They don't know anything."

Such, my dear Count, are some of the political caricaturists I have found in this country.

They have no Gavarnis, no Chams, here.

And yet, how gracefully have these caricaturists put cap and bells on the head of Uncle Sam!

CHAPTER VII.

THE PREACHERS.

MEN with black frock-coats, white cravats, uplifted eyes, men hand in glove with the Eternal, have never been wanting on the soil of Uncle Sam.

Though the affairs of Church and the affairs of State are supposed to be separate here, the preachers who dabble in politics have been important factors in the history of the country.

Armed with texts, blessings, anathemas, they have, in great national crises, taken sides for this party or that, or they have been prudently tolerant of both. At all times they have been ready to give counsel.

The politicians, if they do not court the preachers, yet are anxious not to offend them.

In the good old days, solemn gentlemen like Cotton Mather, Jonathan Mayhew, Ezra

Stiles, seized upon any occasion to lecture the people on public affairs.

Their ideal state was a good theocratic body, God as ruler, and the elders as ministers of His will. There was to be liberty, but liberty as they understood it. There was to be toleration, but toleration of what they thought right.

Episcopalians, Quakers, Catholics, were abominations.

I read recently some of the sermons of these solemn political preachers. How dry they are, but how interesting and how amusing, too !”

The State, according to these gentlemen, was to watch over the daily acts of its citizens.

Crabbed Cotton Mather did not believe in drinking cider.

“Cyder, and a Spirit Extracted out of it, has been much abused to Intemperance. Some observe that since it has been so, a strange Blast has been upon the fruit trees in many Places ; so as that some whose Orchards have yielded 500 Barrels of Cyder in a year, now produce very little. But there is another sort of Strong Drink imported from the Sugar Islands, which has been of all others the most fatal. It is now called Rum, but it once had another name, and a ridiculous one, viz., *Kill Devil*. Renowned

Mr. Wilson said it would rather have been called *Kill Men for the Devil.*"

And in another of Mather's sermons, he laments over "that worse than brutish sin of drunkenness, which has become a prevailing Iniquity all over the Countrey . . . How has *Wine* and *Cyder*, but most of all *Rum*, debauched multitudes of People, Young and Old!"

Traces of this prohibitory, puritanic spirit, in spite of the influence of Germans and Irish, are still rife on the soil of Uncle Sam.

Indeed, the prohibition movement here is a growing movement. Even in the State of New York Prohibitionists have been steadily gaining. Their vote in 1883 was 19,000; in 1884, 25,000; nearly 31,000 in 1885; and over 36,000 in 1886.

John Calvin, who had dyspepsia, and John Knox, who had the spleen, were the models of the old political preachers of Uncle Sam. Their sermons were over an hour long. They preached three times of a Sunday. They preached, I know not how often, during the week.

"To be brief, I remark, eighteenthly," one of them would say.

The sexton of the church had a kind of rod, to keep awake such of the congregation as fell asleep.

The preachers interfered in everything, from the election of a Governor to the establishment of a dancing-school.

Dr. John Witherspoon, who was President of Princeton College, and a signer of the Declaration of Independence, wrote a big book against stage-players.

In 1684 Mr. Francis Stepney set up a dancing-school in Boston. The ministers became alarmed. They issued a tract :

“ An Arrow against Profane and Promiscuous Dancing, Drawn out of the Quiver of the Scriptures ” (the title bearing the motto of “ The Dance is a Circle whose Centre is the Devil ”), and in this they informed their fellow-townsmen that “ such Church-members in N. E. as have sent their children to be Practitioners or Spectators of mixt Dancing between Young Men and Maidens, have cause to be deeply humbled.” “ But stand still a while ! What a word is here ! Church-members and their children in New England at mixt Dances ! Be astonished, O ye heavens ! without doubt, Abraham is

ignorant of us, and Israel knoweth us not !”

One minister objected to long hair, as “contrary to the word of God, and to nature, and shamefull.”

Another minister found fault with “Hoop-ed Petticoats,” as “contrary to the Light of Nature.”

A third minister, intent on the public good, declaimed against the tendency of men “to set their Dwelling Houses at such a Distance from the Place of Worship that they and their families cannot well attend it.”

The clergymen of Uncle Sam have kept up their love of interference in the private lives of candidates for office, and of politicians in office. They constitute themselves the censors of public and private morals.

Take the Jackson-Eaton affair:

When Jackson became President, he chose as one of his Cabinet Senator Eaton, of Tennessee. This Senator had as a wife a very pretty woman. Both Jackson and Eaton had known her as Peg O’Neil, the daughter of a tavern-keeper, William O’Neil. She had served them drinks many a time in her father’s hostelry in Washington.

And now she was suddenly raised to social prominence !

Highbred ladies turned up their noses at the Cabinet officer's wife.

All kinds of rumors were afloat. Peg had been a bad girl. Peg had done this. Peg had done that. Jackson had had relations with Peg. Eaton, before marriage, had had relations with Peg.

Who do you suppose aided the prudish ladies of Washington in the diffusion of these rumors ? Who do you suppose delighted to dissect the character of Mrs. Eaton, *née* Peg O'Neil, and whisper suggestive gossip about her ?

The clergy !

Dr. Ely, of Philadelphia, took upon himself to write a long letter on the subject of the woman's honor to President Jackson.

President Jackson wrote an elaborate defense of his Cabinet officer's wife in reply.

Dr. Ely wrote another letter—asked for further particulars—expressed himself as unsatisfied.

President Jackson replied in more forcible, more lengthy, terms.

You must read that correspondence. It is like a bit of comedy.

Now, just as Dr. Ely interested himself in the love affairs of President Jackson, so during the last campaign Dr. Ball, of Buffalo, interested himself in the private affairs of President Cleveland.

He communicated to the Republican Committee a detailed and highly flavored account of Cleveland's ante-martial adventures, and the committee set to work and flooded the land with pamphlets giving an account of this affair.

Editors discussed the matter in the papers; preachers spoke of it in the pulpit.

Rev. Dr. Ball had done his duty well.

During the anti-slavery struggle the clergy were divided in sentiment.

The preachers of the South were almost without exception for slavery. Bishop Polk, of Louisiana, considered it a divine institution. Were not the patriarchs and the prophets slave-holders?

Throughout the Northern States, most of the clergy was perplexed, and sought to avoid a break with the South on the issue.

Dr. Lord, of Dartmouth College, made

some allusion to the curse the Lord had heaped on the children of Ham. The slavery of the Black Race, according to him, was therefore a decreed and foreordained fact.

Dr. Thayer, of Yale College, considered it lawful to deliver up slaves for "the high, the great, the momentous, interests of the Southern States."

Dr. Orville Dewey declared that he would rather "send his own brother and child into slavery" than hurt the Union.

Dr. Moses Stuart, of the Andover Theological Seminary, thanked Webster for his advocacy of the Fugitive-Slave Law.

But there were powerful dissenting voices among the clergy of the North.

William Ellery Channing was pronounced against all dalliance with what Sumner called the harlot slavery.

Many clergymen of New England sent petitions against human bondage to Congress. Senator Douglass, of Illinois, in open Senate, called the petitioners profoundly ignorant men.

Senator Mason, of Virginia, oppose them and called them arrogant men.

"There hang beside me in my study as I write," said Theodore Parker to Millard Fillmore, in 1850, anent the Fugitive-Slave Law, "the gun my grandfather fought with at the battle of Lexington—and he was a captain on the occasion—and also the musket he captured from a British soldier on that day ; the first taken in the war for independence. If I would not peril my property, my liberty, nay, my life, to keep my own parishioners out of slavery, I would throw away these trophies, and should think I was the son of some coward, and not a brave man's child."

Such was the spirit of Theodore Parker.

Such was the spirit also of Henry Ward Beecher, son of Lyman Beecher, for thirty years the head of Plymouth Church, in Brooklyn.

There are very few political issues of Uncle Sam that Beecher has not treated. Questions the most diverse—slavery, union, currency, local reforms, national elections, continental wars, and revolutions—the big, plethoric, eloquent man has essayed them all.

Beecher had a salary of \$50,000 a year, and he deserved it.

He was one of the first preachers here to do away with uniform and pompous solemnity in sermons.

"I think," said he, "that the minister of God has *carte-blanche* liberty to touch man's

mirthfulness. . . . I regard all this superstitious, unsmiling Christianity as a relic of the old Vandal times."

His sermons were always full of points.

"I think mobs are God's providential asses," he said in 1859, on the eve of the great war, "which he makes harrow up the ground in time for seed-sowing. I am sorry for any State that never had any mobs."

Optimistic as regards his country's future, especially as he grew old, Beecher ever had a quiet, sarcastic tone when speaking of politicians.

"I think I can show ambitious men who seek political preferments their types on the seashore. There you will see old worthless sticks of drift-wood come rolling in on the crest of some wave: these are now the types of political men coming into power. In the course of a year or so they are sucked out into the sea again by the ebbing and flowing of the tide: then they are types of political men going out of power; and whether coming in or going out, they are merely old, decayed water logs, which are fit for nothing, not even to be burned."

During the last Presidential campaign, Beecher, an old Republican, the friend of Lincoln, Grant, Arthur, declared for Cleveland.

You ought to have heard the howl of the Republicans against him !

They raked up the old history of his supposed intimacy with Mrs. Tilton.

They accused him of sympathizing with Cleveland because of Cleveland's ante-marital affairs.

They ridiculed him as a dotard.

Whatever may have been said against him, or may be said against him, Beecher was a great orator.

It was one of his theories that no man could be a great orator who hadn't body and belly. He assuredly had plenty of both.

So had Gambetta.

Dr. Talmage, of Brooklyn, has not much body, but he has much mouth. The caricaturists love to draw that mouth. It goes from ear to ear.

Dr. Talmage is a sensationalist, a circus-man in the pulpit.

He is a typical preacher of Uncle Sam—vulgar, humorous, pithy, pungent. He said, on a Fourth of July, a short time ago :

“ If heart and liver are all right, everything is right. Some people fear that the new political theories promise trouble. That is no such thing. It isn't what a man has, but what

a man is that decides matters. It is impossible to divide happiness evenly. The happiest people in the world are the old apple-stand women. Many people don't seem to be satisfied with America. Why don't they leave? The United States is the greatest country in the world. They talk about the dissipation of to-day. Look at the ancient sideboard, fashionable when the most sober of men used to take a day to themselves. Compare the courtships of to-day with those of a hundred years ago. Oh my ! Then talk about the corruption of the age. Why, sixty years ago the Governor of New York was compelled to disband the Legislature on account of its corruption ! Think of Aaron Burr coming within a vote of the Presidency ! Society was so much worse, than it is to-day, a hundred years ago, that I can't understand how the fathers and mothers of that time could be induced to stay in it. Still, I am glad, for the sake of the present generation, that they did stay.

"The United States is the greatest country in the world in which to live, and millions are yearly discovering the fact. If a man has weak lungs, he can go South ; if he wants a more bracing atmosphere, he can come North ; if he feels crowded, he can go West ; if he wants an explanation of matters beyond our understanding, a call can be made on the philosophers of Boston. Is there room for many more millions of people ? Those who asked the question have never been to Texas. America is the Lord's darling."

That is Dr. Talmage's style.

That, too, in a measure, is the style of Joseph Cook, of Boston ; of Robert Coll-

yer, of Sam Small, of David Swing, of Chicago.

These preachers touch on politics whenever they see fit.

Dr. Newman, who was a kind of court chaplain to President Grant, habitually snivels in politics.

He recently received a check for \$1,000 from Senator Stanford, of California, for delivering a eulogy on his son.

He deserved the check.

He compared the young man to Christ.

The proceedings in both the Senate and the House are opened each day by chaplains who receive handsome salaries.

In their prayers they consult and argue with God on national politics.

The country abounds, also, in army chaplains and preachers.

They keep up the old war ardor more than the regular soldiers.

If there is a good warlike text in the Old Testament, these preachers of the gospel of peace and good-will of the New Testament are sure to find it, and sure to use it.

I was much surprised to find Rabbi Gott-

heil, head of the richest congregation of Jews in America, advocate female suffrage.

In Wyoming and Washington Territories women enjoy full franchise.

In Kansas they are allowed to vote in municipal elections.

In Massachusetts and Vermont, female suffrage has many advocates.

But that Rev. Dr. Gottheil should champion the political cause of the ladies—well, I can't understand it.

It is interesting to study the attitude of the clergy of the Catholic Church toward the politics of Uncle Sam.

It is a cautious policy.

The Church does not push itself into the foreground. It works in the dark

The Church has increased its influence to such an extent that it can afford to wait.

Cardinal Gibbons, of Baltimore, asked for his opinion on the relations between capital and labor, a short time ago, answered vaguely that those problems could be solved by either party adhering to the maxim of Christ: "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them!"

Archbishop Corrigan, of New York, mixes in local politics, but in an underhand way.

The priests of the diocese have their orders how they are to instruct the faithful to vote.

Most of the priests are mere puppets in politics, moved by archiepiscopal hands.

Dr. McGlynn, late of St. Stephens, New York, is an exception.

He espoused Mr. Henry George's land theories a few years ago, and advocated Henry George for Mayor.

Archbishop Corrigan told him to desist, but Dr. McGlynn would not desist. Then Archbishop Corrigan suspended Father McGlynn from his functions at St. Stephens, and he was ordered to Rome within forty days.

Father McGlynn refused.

"I am a Catholic," said he, "but I am also an American. The Pope can dictate to me in matters of religion; he cannot dictate to me in matters of politics."

Thereupon the Pope sent the thunder of excommunication to Archbishop Corrigan across the sea by steamer, and Archbishop Corrigan sent them to Father McGlynn in a registered letter.

On the evening of that day the priest made a violent speech.

He told some interesting political secrets.

He affirmed that the Archbishop and clergy of New York opposed Cleveland during the last Presidential campaign because Cleveland, when Governor, had vetoed an appropriation of \$25,000 for a Catholic Protectory. He stated that it was mooted in ecclesiastical circles to have a representative of Rome at Washington. Then Dr. McGlynn said these bold words :

“ As long as the Catholic people give the Pope to understand that he can do as he pleases, interfere in politics, allow cardinals and bishops and priests to be elected members of the French Assembly, and permit her Archbishop to say to an American citizen that he must not dare to make a platform speech of any character whatever [tremendous applause], or to attend any political meeting whatever in the future, without the permission of the Sacred Congregation of the Propaganda—an Italian institution some 15,000 miles away ; governed by men who do not know but that Florida is a suburb of New York, and Mobile the name of a street in San Francisco—I say, as long as Catholic people of Ireland and America will permit the Roman machine, of which the Pope is a mere puppet [Dr. McGlynn pronounced the word savagely], to do all this, so long will the Roman machine continue to use poor Paddy and the poor Polish fool as so many pawns

upon their horrid chess-boards, to be sold at any time for what they can get in return. The whole of this policy is largely instigated by insane lust on the one hand, and hope for the restoration of the Pope's rotten old temporal throne, that everyone knows to be as dead as Julius Cæsar."

However this Dr. McGlynn - Leo XIII. affair may end, it is a noteworthy incident in the history of the politics of Uncle Sam. Here we have a priest who wishes to be a politician. Father McGlynn, after all, is doing openly what many preachers of the Church of Rome before him have done in a covert manner.

He is speaking as openly on politics as the preachers of all the churches of Protestantism are wont to do.

Orators of the pulpit like Heber Newton, Phillips Brooks, Dr. Storrs, Dr. Chapin, Dr. Hall, have never allowed great political questions to pass them by unnoticed.

During the last campaign Mr. Blaine tried to get the clergy over on his side. The man from Maine held a reception of reverend gentlemen, attired in clerical black himself, at the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

It was just on the eve of the New York election.

Many speeches were made, all complimentary of Mr. Blaine, and the meeting was being pronounced a great success.

Suddenly a *contretemps*, an accident, occurred.

Rev. Dr. Burchard, an ardent friend of Mr. Blaine, in the course of his remarks, made an unfortunate alliteration.

He alluded to the Democratic party as the party of "Rum, Romanism, and Rebellion."

The remark was telegraphed all over the country, and created a sensation.

Many Irishmen, who would probably have voted for Blaine, felt themselves touched by the alliteration of Rev. Dr. Burchard, and voted against the man from Maine.

Mr. Blaine subsequently claimed that that sentence had lost him the election.

Thus the clergy are often most injudicious friends of the politicians.

Some of the clergy are shrewd enough to see that the politicians use them merely to catch votes before an election, and then turn their backs on them afterward.

Beecher once illustrated this by an anecdote. Said he:

“Do not trust the politicians, when they suddenly confess to have been converted to the principles of godliness or to your political views. Especially do not believe them when they make such a confession just before an election. It takes long to be converted. They are hardly ever converted when they say they are. I remember that there was, in a certain parish on the Hudson River, a very pious clergyman, who had in his parish two confirmed sinners. The one was a confirmed liar, and the other was a confirmed stutterer. Now the pious clergyman preached so long and so ardently that these two sinners saw the error of their ways, came to him, and asked to be baptized. The clergyman was delighted, and requested them to accompany him to the river.

“It was winter, and the Hudson was frozen thick. So the clergyman took an axe and chopped a cubic hole into the river. Then he took the confirmed liar, and he ducked him once, and he ducked him twice, and he ducked him thrice.

“‘Are you cold?’ asked the clergyman, sympathetically.

“‘Why, no,’ promptly, chatteringly, replied the confirmed liar. ‘Cold! Not at all. Never felt so comfortable in all my life!’

“Then the confirmed stutterer advanced and said :

“‘Mr-Mr-Mi-Minister, d-d-duck h-him a-a-ag-again—d-d-d-duck him a-a-ag-ag-again-ain. H-he-he’s n-not c-con-convert-convert-converted yet!’

“My friends, before you believe in the professions, in the promises, of a politician—before an election—duck him again and again! The chances are that you will find out too late that, like the confirmed liar, ‘he isn’t converted yet!’”

CHAPTER VIII.

THE POETS.

POETS and politicians do not, as a general thing, get along well together.

Thiers, when voting in the Academy, would always vote in just the opposite way to Victor Hugo.

"If he votes aye," he used to say, "I vote nay. I will then be right."

The practical politicians of Uncle Sam have little use for the poets.

Roscoe Conkling, of New York, tall, athletic, puffy, with a massive head and a curl artistically arranged on his brow, was rhetorical in his speech, but practical in his methods.

On one occasion when Senator Sumner, as was his wont, quoted the poets, Conkling impatiently remarked to Senator Carpenter, of Wisconsin :

"He builds his arguments with vapor instead of cement."

And yet most of the poets of Uncle Sam have taken interest in his politics.

It seems strange, but it is so.

Though politics and poesy are realms which seem so wide apart that the liege subjects of the one would scarce be expected to have aught to do with those of the other, we yet find that from the day of Alcæus and Pindar to the day of Tennyson and Hugo, poets have not disdained to throw themselves into the political combats of their time in order to aid with their verse and their name an idea or a cause which they held dear.

The poets of Uncle Sam have proved no exception to this rule.

Few of them have not deserved the eulogy which Hale pronounced on Holmes :

“ When the war cloud lowers
Above the lands,
The poet stands
And tells the coward how to try,
And tells the bravest how to die.
Tyrtæus cheers his boys and ours.”

Few of them would not act as Milton did.

“ When I was preparing to pass over into Sicily and Greece,” said he, “ the melancholy

intelligence which I received of the civil commotions in England made me alter my purpose ; for I thought it base to be traveling abroad, while my fellow-citizens were fighting for liberty at home."

There was but one of the poets of Uncle Sam who may be called indifferent to what went on around him.

That was Edgar Allen Poe.

He didn't care about the Republic any more than Charles Baudelaire with us cared about the Empire.

There have been no court sycophants in this country like Racine, Boileau, Le Brun, with us.

Not one of the poets of Uncle Sam, like Edmund Waller, composed a eulogistic ode, first to a Cromwell, and then wrote one equally laudatory to a Charles II. You remember the anecdote that comes in here. The monarch preferred the ode written in honor of the usurper to the one written in his own, and told the poet so.

"Poets, sire," answered Waller, cynically, wittily, "succeed better in fiction than in truth."

The poets of Uncle Sam may be more sin-

cere in their praises, but could one of them have made that remark ?

I will not weary you with a list of the early political poets of Uncle Sam.

In fact, I am afraid I bore you quite too often.

I sometimes think I hear you yawn across the ocean.

I overload these letters, I fear, with dry facts, bare statistics, empty names.

You will, I am afraid, consider me quite a pedant.

But remember, my dear Count, that I have long been an enforced exile in dreary Washington, that I do all this to fulfill a promise and pass the time, and that the environment has its influence.

I will not speak of the early poets.

Pope, who was the author most imitated by these ambitious patriots, would assuredly have enrolled them in his "Dunciad" that scroll of stupidity.

We are told that, when a mere boy, William Cullen Bryant wrote the following bitter verses on Thomas Jefferson :

"And thou, the scorn of every patriot name,
Thy country's ruin and her council's shame,

Poor servile thing ! Derision of the brave !
Go span, philosopher, thy Sally's charms,
And sink supinely in her sable arms,
But quit to abler hands the helm of state,
Nor image ruin on thy country's fate ! ”

We know that when the South fired on Fort Sumter in 1861, Bryant, the man, was ready with pen, purse, and verse.

‘ Lay down the axe, fling by the spade,
Leave in the track the toiling plow,
The rifle and the bayonet blade
For arms like yours were fitter now !

“ And let the hands that ply the pen
Quit the light task and learn to wield
The horseman's crooked brand, and rein
The charger on the battle-field.

“ Our Country calls : away, away !
To where the blood stream blots the green.
Strike to defend the gentlest sway
That Time in all his course has seen.

“ See, from a thousand coverts, see,
Spring the armed foes that haunt the track;
They rush to smite her down, and we
Must beat the banded traitors back.”

Longfellow, who was above all a scholar, and cared little for the crush and rush of active life, even this quiet student poet of

Cambridge-on-Charles was alive to his country's welfare. Not to speak of the national bearing of such poems as "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," and "Paul Revere's Ride," not to mention the notes of warning in his "Poems on Slavery," I would quote from his "Building of the Ship" such words as these :

"Thou, too, sail on, O ship of state !
Sail on, O Union, strong and great !
Humanity, with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate !

"In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea !
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee—are all with thee !"

Ralph Waldo Emerson, the philosopher, was not so far lost in the clouds of his transcendental system as not to occasionally write poetry on politics. His ode at Concord, in 1857, and his ode at Boston, in 1873, would perhaps be intelligible to the few. His lines captioned "Politics" would most assuredly not be so to the many.

“Gold and iron are good,
To buy iron and gold.
All earth’s fleece and food,
For their like are sold.

“Fear, Craft and Avarice
Cannot rear a State.

When the Muses nine
With the Virtues meet,
Find to their designs
n Atlantic seat,
By green orchard boughs,
Fended from the heat,
When the statesman ploughs
Furrows for the wheat—
When the Church is social worth,
When the State House is the hearth,
Then the perfect State is come,
The republican at home ”

Do you understand what he is driving at?
I do not.

I like the poem by John Boyle O’Reilly, entitled “America,” better than any political poem from the pen of Waldo Emerson.

John Greenleaf Whittier is of the people and for the people. Simple in his tastes, with much ardor and little imagination, with scant learning, but a good command of me-

tre, Whittier was the typical champion of freedom, earnest, big-fisted.

How bitterly, sarcastically, Whittier wrote in the old black slavery days !

“ Have ye heard of our hunting, o’er mountain and glen,
Through canebrake and forest—the hunting of men ?
The lords of our land to this hunting have gone,
As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn;
Hark !—the cheer and the halloo !—the crack of the
 whip,
And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip !
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match,
Though hundreds are caught, there are millions to catch.
So speed to their hunting, o’er mountain and glen,
Through canebrake and forest—the hunting of men !”

No wonder the men who hunted runaway slaves didn’t like Whittier ! No wonder they stopped the sale of his works in the South !

“ As the fox-hunter follows the sound of the horn,
 Hark ! the cheer and the halloo ! the crack of the whip,
 And the yell of the hound as he fastens his grip !
All blithe are our hunters, and noble their match—
Though hundreds are caught, there are millions to catch,
So speed to their hunting, o’er mountain and glen,
Through canebrake and forest—the hunting of men !”

Wendell Holmes puts into his verse much of the waggery, the grace, the wit of Béranger.

Though he at certain points gives you an impression of being a dilettante, he is generally heart and soul in his work. He passes with wonderful nimbleness from gay to grave.

You would hardly think that a man who writes such couplets as :

“ Now then, nine cheers for the stay-at-home ranger !
Blow the great fish-horn and beat the big pan !
First in the field that is furthest from danger,
Take your white feather plume, sweet little man !”

could write a stanza like this :

“ When our land is illumined with Liberty's smile,
If a foe from within strike a blow at her glory,
Down, down with the traitor that dares to defile
The flag of her stars and the page of her glory !
By millions unchained when our birthright was gained
We will keep her bright blazon forever unstained !
And the Star Spangled Banner, in triumph shall wave,
While the land of the free is the home of the brave !”

James Russell Lowell, who was once a professor at Harvard College, and lately acted as Minister at the Court of St. James, has always mingled his politics and his poesy like the majority of his countrymen mix their drinks.

When quite a young man he wrote, in a

barbarous dialect, the "Biglow Papers" against the war with Mexico. When in middle age, during the rebellion, he composed the scholastic "Harvard Ode," in honor of the students who had fallen in the war. About ten years ago he composed the following characteristic poem on the general corruption of his country's politics :

" But now that ' Statesmanship ' is just a way
To dodge the primal curse and make it pay;
Since Office means a kind of patent drill
To force an entrance on the Nation's till,
And peculation something rather less
Risky than if you spelt it with an *S*;
Now that to steal by law is grown an art, ,
Whom rogues the sires their milder sons call smart,
And ' slightly irregular ' dilutes the shame
Of what had once a somewhat blunter name;
With generous curve we draw the moral line;
Our swindlers are permitted to resign;
Their guilt is wrapped in deferential names,
And twenty sympathize for one that blames,
Add national disgrace to private crime,
Confront mankind with brazen front sublime.

" Steal but enough, the world is unsevere,
Tweed is a statesman, Fisk a financier;
Invent a mine to be—the Lord knows what,
Secure at any rate, with what you've got.
The public servant who has stolen or lied,
If called on, may resign with honest pride;

As unjust favor put him in, why doubt
Disfavor as unjust has turned him out?
Even if indicted, what is that but fudge
To him who counted in the elective judge?
Whitewashed, he quits the politicians' strife,
At ease in mind, with pockets filled for life:
His lady glares with gems, whose vulgar blaze
The poor man through his heightened taxes pays.
Himself content if one huge Kohinoor
Bulge from a shirt-front ampler than before."

Mr. Conkling, of whom I spoke, was, by the way, a bitter opponent of Mr. Blaine.

They had had a debate in the Senate one day, and, in the heat of discussion, transgressed the rules of parliamentary decorum.

Mr. Blaine applied the term "turkey gobbler" to Mr. Conkling.

And the pompous Mr. Conkling, when asked to speak in behalf of Mr. Blaine during the last Presidential campaign, answered, curtly:

"No, thanks; I am not in criminal practice."

Mr. Conkling always considered Mr. Blaine a corrupt man.

Walt Whitman is by some considered the typical poet-politician of America.

He was something or other in the late war,

and his verse in "Blades of Grass" and "Drum Taps" is as rugged as a jog over a stubble-field, as hearty as a trooper's oath.

When Grant died, Whitman was sorely grieved.

He took a long pull of whisky in his country hut in New Jersey, and, of course, wrote a sonnet. This is the way it runs :

“ As one by one withdraw the lofty actors,
From that great play on history's stage eterne,
That lurid, partial act of war and peace—of old and new
contending ;
Fought out through wrath, fears, dark dismays, and many
a long suspense ;
All past—and since, in countless graves receding, mellow-
ing,
Victors and vanquished—Lincoln's and Lee's—now thou
with them,
Man of the mighty days—and equal to the days !
Thou from the prairies !—tangled and many-veined and
hard has been thy part,
To admiration has it been enacted.”

There is a fellow who could never get into our Academy.

Our green-coated word dilettantes would never tolerate so radical a word-builder.

The Civil War, of course, called forth great

numbers of political poets in both the Federal and Confederate camps.

Most of them wrote fudge. A few go to the heart.

There is the jaunty, dashing rhyme, "The Seventh," by Fitz-James O'Brien.

"Och, we're the boys,
That hearts destroys
Wid making love and fighting ;
We take a fort,
The girls we court,
But most the last delight in.
To fire a gun
Or raise some fun,
To us is no endeavor ;
So let us hear
One hearty cheer—
The Seventh's lads forever !"

There is the plain, determined "Soldiers' Talk" of Charles J. Halpin.

"The negro—free or slave—
We care no pin about,
But for the flag our father's gave
We mean to fight it out ;
And while that banner brave
One rebel rag shall flout,
With volleying arm and clashing glaive
By Heaven ! we fight it out !

“ Oh, we've heard the rebel yell,
We have heard the Union shout,
We have weighed the matter very well,
And mean to fight it out.
In the flush of perfect triumph,
And the gloom of utter rout,
We have sworn on many a bloody field,
We mean to fight it out.”

Both O'Brien and Halpin died in the ranks which they did so much to keep at battle-pitch with their rhymes.

“ I never heard the old song of ‘Percy and Douglas,’ ” wrote Sir Philip Sidney, “ that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet.”

I confess that I am often stirred just that way, when we hear some of these songs.

Read over “Sheridan's Ride,” by Buchanan Reid, and your pulse will beat faster.

And when I wander among the graves in the cemetery at Arlington, the dome of the Capitol at Washington in the distance, the setting sun sending its last rays upon me, I repeat to myself that most beautiful of martial elegies, the one by Theodore O'Hara :

“ The muffled drum’s sad roll has beat
The soldier’s last tattoo ;
No more on life’s parade shall meet
That brave and fallen few.
On Fame’s eternal camping ground
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards, with solemn round,
The bivouac of the dead ! ”

CHAPTER IX.

THE DIPLOMATS.

It was Sir Henry Wotton, I believe, who defined a diplomat as a man sent by his country to lie abroad.

The definition was as just as it was witty, and holds good for the gentlemen of the diplomatic service of Uncle Sam.

They have no schools of diplomacy in this country as they have in Europe. There is no fixed diplomatic service as with us. Men are appointed to fill foreign posts by reason of political service to the President and the party in power, with little regard to anterior training, actual fitness, or ultimate usefulness. That accounts for the presence on the Continent of so many colonels, majors, generals, captains, so-called, who do not speak our language and who know so little of our history and people.

"Can you teach?" asks the Grande Duchesse in the operette.

“No,” answers Fritz ; “ I go to learn ! ”

After the diplomats of Uncle Sam have learned their French, it sounds something like the jumble overheard by Mr. Grenville-Murray in the diplomatic gallery of the House of Commons during a debate.

“ C’est un grand pays qui produit de telles jeunes gens,” remarked the French Ambassador, shutting up his glasses and addressing his American colleague.

“ L’Angletaïre ne produce pas bocchoo de ce joon gens,” answered the American, in an oracular way.

But, in critical moments, the diplomats of Uncle Sam have done even better than our trained men.

Take Franklin, the man sent by the colonies to negotiate the alliance with France in 1778, and you have a born diplomat. Have you ever read the note which he wrote to a certain nobleman in 1768 when in London ?

“ Dr. Franklin presents his respectful compliments to Lord Bathurst with some American nuts ; and to Lady Bathurst with some American apples : which he prays they will accept as a tribute from that country, small, indeed, but voluntary.”

What politeness ! What tact .

The tallow-chandler's son from Pennsylvania held his own with the powdered statesmen of Versailles.

He never spoke a word too soon, says the historian Bancroft, he never spoke a word too late : he always spoke the right word in the right place.

His conduct in Paris, said our philosopher, Cabanis, of him, was a *chef d'œuvre*.

Franklin did indeed snatch the lightning from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants.

Passing from Franklin to Jefferson, we find the same tact, the same politeness, the same diplomatic shrewdness. The man from Virginia made a hit at the very start, and he made it with a witticism.

" Ah, you are sent to replace M. Franklin !" said Vergennes to him, as he presented his credentials.

" Pardon me," promptly replied Jefferson, bowing low, " I come to succeed M. Franklin. No one can replace him !"

And yet the history of the diplomacy of Uncle Sam is not as full of bright sayings, apt repartee, telling wit, as that of France.

They lack the polish of refined society, the diplomats of this Republic ; the politeness

bred of ancient tradition and refined association.

When M. de Bacourt was over here in Washington as Minister Plenipotentiary of Louis Phillipe in the time of President Tyler, he wrote thus of a dinner given at the White House :

“Forty men were present, but no women ; the latter did not appear till after dinner. I was seated between Mr. Spencer and Mr. Webster. The latter threw off the pseudo-dignity in which he constantly clothes his sad mediocrity ; the Madeira, of which he drank too much, not only rendered him agreeable, in the American fashion that is to say, but caused him to become maudlin ; he clasped my arm with both hands and said : ‘My dear Bacourt, I am exceedingly pleased to see you to-night ; I feel this much more than I have previously done, though I cannot tell why. Perhaps I have not hitherto been friendly enough toward you, but if you will allow me, we shall now become a pair of friends : you shall see that I am a good fellow. Come and see me daily without ceremony ; that will please me greatly, my dear Bacourt, because I really find you charming.’ This flattering avowal was made in halting phrase, and, I must tell you, with hiccups, which rendered the neighborhood of the Secretary of State anything but pleasant. All this occurred at the table of the head of the State at a dinner given to the representatives of all the European powers.”

Things have changed some in this respect, but the manners of the diplomats of Uncle

Sam are still stamped with a kind of vulgar disregard of foreign customs.

They used to laughingly speak at Secretary Frelinghuysen's table of a certain consul who, on meeting the son of the Prince of Wales, slapped him familiarly on the back and said :

"I am glad to see you, my boy. I've heard of your grandmother. She's a good queen, and, no doubt, a good grandmother. Glad to see you!"

What a contrast between the boorish bluntness of Uncle Sam and the deferential politeness of Prince Gortschakoff ! Lord Dufferin having asked him one day whether the Emperor's cold was better, was rather startled, we are told, to hear him answer, in a reverent voice, with his head bent and his eyes half closed :

"His Majesty has deigned to feel a little better this morning !"

I said that the diplomats from here are not as witty as those abroad. Point out to me in their history such apt replies as you find in that of England and France.

When Frederick the Great said spitefully to Minister Elliot, on the occasion of the

Te Deums over the reverses of Hyder Ali in India, "I never knew that Providence was one of your allies," Elliot replied, "The only one, Sire, whom we don't pay!"

And on one occasion, when somebody was lamenting to Talleyrand about the disputes between Baden and Bavaria, which seemed contemptible enough after the colossal scale of the wars against Napoleon:

"*Rassurez vous, mon ami,*" said Talleyrand, "*toutes ces dissensions ne sont que badinage et bavardage.*"

The politicians of Uncle Sam lack much of this brightness in tone and language.

They do very well to send home to the Secretary of State a despatch on the hog question, on the price of corn, on patent guns.

They excel in finding boarding-houses for their compatriots, and procuring tickets for State balls and national museums.

But as dignified and imposing representatives of their country they are signal failures.

They will chew tooth-picks.

They will cock up their legs.

Imagine M. de Freycinet or M. de St. Valier doing such things!

I have seen some of the diplomats of Uncle Sam, at the Elysée, for instance, and they have made a very poor showing.

Sent by a democratic Republic professing to be exemplars of simplicity, they appear uncouth, bourgeois, plain, in their black evening dress, amid the gorgeous costumes and shining decorations of the representatives of other lands.

Look at the most of them, cursorily, at a reception, and you confound them with the waiters.

A very few of the envoys of the United States abroad have received consideration for their intrinsic worth.

Such men are Mr. Bancroft, Mr. Wheaton, Mr. Motley, Mr. Irving, Mr. Bayard Taylor, Mr. John Hay, who were Ministers.

Such men are Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. Bret Harte, Mr. Howells, who were Consuls.

They may have made bad campaign speeches at home, written fulsome political biographies or partisan newspaper articles; but they were scholarly, representative men, who, when abroad, reflected credit on their country.

The ordinary politicians of Uncle Sam

despise the men who make fame and money by the pen. They contemptuously call them "literary fellers," and scratch their names from the slate.

One of the ablest diplomats this country ever sent abroad was Charles Francis Adams.

He was Minister to the Court of St. James, during the administration of Lincoln.

His grandfather, John Adams, held the same post in the time of the Confederation.

This short, stumpy, cold man, this Charles Francis Adams, with his bald head, his impassive face, his small, keen eyes, kept a sharp lookout for his country's interests.

The great war between the North and South was going on; England, while professing neutrality, was secretly abetting the South, for whom cruisers were fitted out in her ports.

When Mr. Adams heard of it, he wrote to Lord Russell.

"It would be superfluous in me to point out to your lordship that this is war."

Three days after, Mr. Adams received the following reply from the Foreign Office.

"Lord Russell presents his compliments to Mr. Adams, and has the honor to inform

him that instructions have been issued which will prevent the departure of the two iron-clad vessels from Liverpool."

The short, bald, cold man sent by Uncle Sam to do some work, did it effectually.

He was the son of John Quincy Adams, also a statesman and a diplomat, also a scholar.

When Algernon Sidney visited the public library of Copenhagen, he wrote in the album there :

"Manus hæc inimica tyrannis, Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietam."

Terlon, ambassador of Louis XIV, tore it out as insulting to his master.

John Quincy Adams paraphrased these lines of Sidney's in the following spirited fashion in the midst of a debate in the House of Representatives.

"This hand to tyrants ever sworn the foe,
For Freedom only deals the deadly blow,
Then sheathes in calm repose the vengeful blade,
For gentle peace in Freedom's holy shade."

The Adamses, the Danas, the Fishes, have done some good work in the politics of Uncle Sam.

Mr. Washburne, slight, long-haired, suave,

the Minister of the United States in Paris during the Franco-German War, attained an international reputation for his energy and intelligence.

He was the first foreign Minister to recognize the Government of the French Republic.

He did more.

He managed, with remarkable tact, to keep on confidential terms at the same time with Bismarck, with Favre, and with Rigault.

It was at this period that Mr. Henry Labouchere, then a "Besieged Resident in Paris," wrote :

"How different American diplomatists are to the prim old women who represent us abroad, with a staff of half a dozen dandies, helping each other to do nothing, who have been taught to regard all who are not of their craft as their natural enemies!"

Mr. Lowell, who was Minister in London under Mr. President Arthur, was a model diplomat. But he was unpopular at home on account of his chilly attitude toward the Irish.

An Anglo-Saxon to the backbone, Mr. Lowell has no fondness for the Irish. There is nothing of the demagogue about him.

He parts what remains of his hair in the middle. He runs up a respectable wash bill.

He does not believe either in the infallibility of the Pope or of the populace.

He writes and speaks correctly.

He does not necessarily detest a lord, and has dined with the Queen.

That settles his fate with the electors of Uncle Sam.

Speaking of Ministers to England, I must not forget Mr. Schenck.

As a general in the war between the North and South, he spilt more claret on the tablecloth than he did blood on the battle-field, so President Grant, who was a friend of his, sent him to St. James's by way of consolation and reward.

Mr. Schenck neither distinguished himself by the elegance of his manners nor the quality of his wit or his whisky, nor the flavor of his anecdotes or his segars.

He arrived at fame in a more unique way.

He published a little hand-book on poker.

Imagine the horror and disgust of so starch and stiff an old gentleman as Edward Everett, one of his highly respectable predecessors at St. James's, had he known in his day that a man like Mr. Schenck should ever succeed him.

And yet Mr. Schenck made more of a hit in England with his booklet on poker than Mr. Everett ever made with his speeches and letters.

There was a little *mot* current at the time in London.

"I hear that Parliament will be opened by the Queen," said one American to another.

'That's nothing. When Schenck plays poker, jack-pots are frequently opened with two, and sometimes three queens."

Please do not infer from my remarks that all the representatives of Uncle Sam abroad are of a low stamp. That would be an injustice. In those sad days when Mrs. President Hayes wouldn't allow wine to be served at diplomatic dinners, there were some good men at foreign posts.

There was Mr. White at Berlin, Mr. John Welch in London, Mr. Noyes in Paris.

Mr. White, as Minister, had great social success in Germany.

Just think of it, M. de Bismarck gave the diplomat his picture with his autograph!

Mr. White is an educated, hospitable gentleman with good manners and a little vanity.

Mr. Noyes, as Minister in Paris, was the type of the bluff, western stump-speaker in a dress-coat. He had lost a leg in the war; had been Governor of Ohio; had nominated Hayes.

"He doesn't speak French. What a pity!" I said of Noyes to Henri Martin, the historian, at Passy one afternoon.

"Oh, le général Noyes," answered the old man, "he have no need to speak ze French language! He so *aimable*, he smile ze French language!"

Mr. John Welch, Minister in London, was a specimen of the merchant prince sent by Uncle Sam to represent him abroad.

He was one of those rich men who contribute big sums to the campaign funds of their parties, and receive their reward in foreign missions.

Mr. Morton, who was Minister to France, is such a man.

Mr. Astor, who was Minister to Italy, is another.

Mr. Morton has written many cheques in the course of his political career.

Mr. Astor has written a novel.

I prefer Mr. Morton as an author.

Let me now glance at some of the diplomats of the present Administration.

Mr. Secretary of State Bayard is a tall, muscular man, of courtly bearing and old-school manners. He has a long, solemn, clean-shaven face. He claims to come from Huguenot and Dutch stock. His father and grandfather were Senators from his native duodecimo State of Delaware.

Mr. Secretary Bayard is very deaf.

Lucky man !

He does not hear all the evil the "short-hair Democrats" say of him.

I must inform you here, by-the-way, that the Democrats of the Union are divided into two classes, "swallow-tail Democrats" and "short-hair Democrats."

The "swallow-tail Democrats" are the wealthy, fashionable, conservative members of the party.

The "short-hair Democrats" are the poor, unwashed, riff-raff members of the party. Mr. Secretary Bayard, I need hardly say, is a "swallow-tail Democrat."

He had a great reputation for brains before his elevation to the Secretaryship.

Mr. Secretary Bayard is now famous main-

ly for his knowledge of blooded horses, for the way he prepares terrapin, and for his politeness to the fair sex.

Mr. Adee, the Assistant Secretary, is the possessor of one of the finest libraries in Washington. It may not be unnecessary to add that he is a gentleman who reads his books, and that he has charming manners. Mr. Adee is slightly deaf—less so than Mr. Secretary Bayard and Lord Chesterfield, but, like those gentlemen, he can be gallant all the same.

“The only reason why I regret my infirmity,” he remarked to Miss Thursby, after endeavoring to hear her sing at a *soirée* some time ago, “is that the pleasure to catch the full sound of your voice is denied me.”

Mr. Sevelon Brown—I don’t know whether I have his ridiculous first name correct—was for a long time the chief clerk of the State Department.

Though a Republican, this baby-faced, pompous little man was able to keep his office under an opposition Administration. He knew the ropes. His wife is rich, and, I hear, has influence.

Mr. James Fenner Lee ably replaces Mr. Sevelon Brown.

I tell you, Count, rich women have more power in the politics of Uncle Sam than they have in Europe.

Mere riches does it here, however; there is not so much need of tact, wit, refinement.

Most of the lady politicians of Washington differ from those of Paris and St. Petersburg as Miss Fanny Davenport, when playing *Fedora*, differs from Madame Sarah Bernhardt.

I know pretty well that Mr. R. R. Hitt, for instance, now member of Congress from Illinois, member of the Foreign Affairs Committee, would never have been Secretary of Legation under President Hayes, Assistant Secretary of State under President Garfield, if his attractive and intelligent wife had not furnished him with the scudi.

But I must say that Mr. Hitt, in spite of his bow-legs and his indifferent manners, is an interesting man.

The Chairman of the House Committee on Foreign Affairs is Mr. Perry Belmont, of New York.

He is a young man, the son of a rich

banker, and made a name for himself a few years ago by asking Mr. Blaine, then before his committee, some sharp questions on his implication in some foreign land swindles.

The two men almost came to blows.

Statesmen in this country nowadays rarely fight with swords or pistols. Hamilton had a duel with Burr, and was killed. Clay and Jackson had a meeting on the field of honor. Benton and Gratz Brown, of Missouri, were duelists, and so were Randolph of Virginia, and Butler, of South Carolina.

But duelling is not a general practice here.

The politicians of Uncle Sam fight with their fists, or their jaws, rather than with their rapiers and their pistols.

Some of the best-trained diplomats in the foreign service of this country are the first and second Secretaries of Legation, who have been kept in office during several Administrations. There is Mr. Henry White, in London; Mr. Henri Vignaud, in Paris; Mr. Chapman Coleman, in Berlin.

Their main business seems to be to teach their chiefs the etiquette of the country to which they are accredited, and to see to it

that the foreign letters are not written with too many faults of orthography.

Mr. Phelps, of Vermont, who now represents this Government at St. James's, was a lawyer and a juristic lecturer before his appointment.

Mr. McLane, of Maryland, who is Minister at Paris, owes his position to his family connections. He was educated at the Lycée Henri IV., however, and has some fitness for his post.

Mr. Pendleton, of Ohio, the Minister to Germany, is styled "Gentleman George" at home, and is the father of the present Civil-Service Law.

The diplomats of Uncle Sam, though their business is of little moment, and is almost all transacted by telegraph, still keep up a good deal of old-time red tape, and maintain a certain we-could-tell-if-we-would mystery.

Not as much as we do, but still more than enough.

Mr. Stallo, at Rome, Mr. Hubbard, in Japan, Mr. Lothrop, in St. Petersburg, consider themselves of great importance.

Mr. John Bigelow, at Paris, used to think

the fate of Europe depended on his despatches.

He is a dabbler in letters and diplomacy.

The best thing he has is the original manuscript of Franklin's "Autobiography," a rarity which he bought while abroad.

Ask these gentlemen a simple question, and they will reply to that simple question as Martin Van Buren, according to Thurlow Weed, was wont to do.

You may not have heard this story :

One day, the merits of Mr. Van Buren were being discussed by a party of gentlemen on a Hudson River steamboat. One of the party had been dwelling upon his non-committalism, and complaining that "a plain answer to a plain question was never yet elicited from him."

"I'll wager the champagne for the company," added he, "that one of us shall go down to the cabin and ask Mr. Van Buren the simplest question which can be thought of, and he will evade a direct answer. Yes, and I'll give him leave, too, to tell Mr. Van Buren why he asks the question, and that there is a bet depending on his reply."

This seemed fair enough. One of the

party was deputed to go down and try the experiment. He found Mr. Van Buren, whom he knew well, in the saloon, and said to him :

“ Mr. Van Buren, some gentlemen on the upper deck have been accusing you of non-committalism, and have just laid a wager that you would not give a plain answer to the simplest question, and they deputed me to test the fact. Now, sir, allow me to ask you : Where does the sun rise ? ”

Mr. Van Buren's brow contracted ; he hesitated a moment, and then said :

“ The terms east and west are conventional ; but I— ”

“ That'll do ! ” interrupted the interrogator ; “ we've lost the bet ! ”

I said, in an early part of this letter, that there are few *bonmots* to be attributed to the diplomats of Uncle Sam.

I heard Senator Evarts get off a witty saying at the State Department one morning.

He had entered the elevator, which happened to be loaded with an unusual number of strangers, presumably applicants for ministerships and consulships.

Turning to a friend who accompanied him, Mr. Evarts said, "This is the largest collection for foreign missions that I have seen taken up for some time."

And Colonel Charles Chaillé-Long, who has served his country as a diplomat in Egypt, is also credited with a bright, if cynical, reply.

"Sir," said an enthusiast to him one day, "we ought to open all the nation's doors to Liberty!"

"Aren't you afraid of a draught?"

With these rather prosy views on the diplomats of Uncle Sam, I close, my dear Count, and I pray God that He may have you in His holy keeping.

CHAPTER X.

THE FINANCIERS.

IF Uncle Sam dearly loves a lord at times, he always dearly loves a financier.

Our honorable friend always bows to the man who manipulates money on a large scale.

The broker, the banker, the railroad magnate, are objects of his admiration.

“Put money in thy purse!”

The advice which Iago gives Cassio is the advice which Uncle Sam gives his nephews.

Uncle Sam is proud of the humble origins of his millionaires.

Mr. Jay Gould peddled mousetraps and wrote a county history.

Mr. Mackay worked the mines with pickaxe and shovel.

Mr. Astor, who founded the fortunes of his house, dealt in furs.

Mr. Lorrillard had a little tobacco shop.

The lower these men were down, and the

higher they rose, thinks Uncle Sam, the greater the credit and honor.

Mr. Armour, of Chicago, Mr. Huntington and Mr. Crocker, of San Francisco, Mr. Russell Sage, Mr. Sidney Dillon, and Mr. Cyrus Field, of New York, are the cynosure of the eyes of Uncle Sam.

He likes to read their names at the foot of cheques drawn for political and social purposes.

Drexel and Cooke, Belmont and Clews, Morgan and Morton, the Seligmans, the Browns, Kuhn, Loeb & Co.—members of the *haute finance*—Uncle Sam consults and courts, smiles upon, shakes hands with, and entertains.

They are powers in financial circles in New York and Washington.

Have you any idea, my dear Count, of the vastness of the financial operations of this Government?

I took up the *Banker's Monthly* the other day, and read the following array of facts and figures :

“The growth and magnitude of the United States are brought out very strikingly in a little volume of sixty pages just issued by the Treasury Department, entitled

‘Receipts and Disbursements of the United States for the Fiscal Year Ending June 30, 1887. Over a million dollars a day, including Sundays—that is what the statement of receipts shows. The total gross receipts for the year were \$371,403,277. That is several millions more than the year before, and, in fact, is more than any year except war times. The customs service paid \$218,000,000 of it, internal revenue \$118,000,000, public lands \$10,000,000, miscellaneous \$23,000,000. As to the other side, the grand total of expenses is set down at \$267,000,000. That leaves a net profit for the year’s business of over \$100,000,000. Of the disbursements \$45,000,000 were for salaries, \$68,000,000 for ordinary expenses, \$14,000,000 for public works, and \$137,000,000 for unusual and extraordinary expenses, meaning pensions, war claims, headstones for soldiers’ graves, maintenance of soldiers’ homes, etc. There are some curious points among the incidentals of the expenses. It shows, for instance, the salaries of the much-groaned-about navy to be less than a quarter of a million a year, while those of the War Department are four times as much, and those of the Treasury officials ten times as much as the navy salaries. The salaries and mileage of Congress are estimated at over \$2,000,000 a year.”

It is the fashion just now, in this time of labor unions, to berate the big financiers here.

The masses look upon them with distrust and suspicion.

But many of these big financiers have con-

tributed very essentially to the material and intellectual standing of Uncle Sam.

George Peabody founded a system of schools.

Johns Hopkins founded a university.

James Lick built a magnificent observatory.

Astor and Lenox established libraries.

Mr. Bloodgood, I hear, patronizes comic opera.

Vanderbilt built a finely equipped school of medicine and surgery.

Almost all the eleemosynary literary and art institutions in this country owe their origin to the munificence of private citizens of large means.

How often have I strolled through the Corcoran Art Gallery, in Washington, and thanked the rich old gentleman who established it!

In no country more than this are the financiers directly interested in the Government.

When the late war broke out, the rich men of Uncle Sam promptly got out their cheque-books and supported the Administration.

Vanderbilt put a steamer at the disposal of the Government.

The Union League Club, composed largely of the nabobs of commerce and finance, subscribed liberally to carry on the war.

We are apt to think of the rich men of America as wholly devoted to the acquisition of the mighty dollar.

They also know how to spend it.

They back up musical enterprises, foreign expeditions, home improvements.

If the financiers often have their hands in other people's pockets, they also often have them in their own ; and they don't keep them there.

It is a mistake to think that the financiers of Uncle Sam are any less able to enjoy the amenities of life than are our own.

M. de Rothschild is not more versed in rare books than Mr. Brayton Ives.

M. Ephrussi or M. Lagrange is not a more liberal patron of the turf than Mr. Keene or Mr. Belmont.

The financiers of Wall Street are quite as fond of fast horses, of pretty actresses, of the pleasures of the table, as those of the Place de la Bourse.

Though the possession of a comfortable bank account undoubtedly gives you influ-

ence, you do not feel the hand of Uncle Sam on your shoulder at every step here.

The power of a uniformed bureaucracy is almost invisible here.

The officials of Uncle Sam enjoy but a limited tenure of office, and behave accordingly.

There is little red tape, little arrogance, here.

Titles are as plentiful as decorations are among us, but titles do not convey any great prestige.

Even the judges are, in a measure, dependent on popular suffrage.

The big financiers of Uncle Sam are inclined to support the Republican party.

Their interests lead them that way.

But in times of crisis they stand by Uncle Sam without regard to political affiliations.

And any overweening pride these financiers may have in their power is qualified by the public opinion couched by the poet Saxe in these witty lines :

“ Of all the notable things on earth,
The queerest one is pride of birth,
Among our fierce Democracie !
A bridge across a hundred years,

Without a prop to save it from sneers—
Not even a couple of rotten Peers—
A thing for laughter, fleers, and jeers,
Is American aristocracy !

“ English and Irish, French and Spanish,
German, Italian, Dutch, and Danish,
Crossing their veins until they vanish
In one conglomeration !
So subtle a tangle of Blood, indeed,
No modern Harvey will ever succeed
In finding the circulation !

“ Depend upon it, my snobbish friend,
Your family thread you can't ascend
Without good reason to apprehend
You will find it waxed at the farther end
By some plebeian vocation;
Or, worse than that, your boasted line
May end in a loop of stronger twine.
That plagued some worthy relation ! ”

CHAPTER XI.

THE WITS.

UNCLE SAM likes a joke.

His wit is of a purely local order.

Each section of his domain has its own.

Uncle Sam laughs at one thing in Massachusetts, at another in California, at another in Georgia, at another in Indiana.

Josh Billings is one of the most famous wits of Uncle Sam.

He gives his early experiences characteristically, thus :

“In common with most all Americans who have to push early, to test their own wings, I engaged in all the usual enterprises of a frontiersman, having been at times a land-hunter, farmer, drover, steamboat captain, auctioneer, politician, and even pioneer, for I partially organized an enterprise, as early as 1835, to cross the Rocky Mountains. This last-named enterprise was a profound failure, but its inception and preliminary arrangements afforded me one of the choicest relics of my early adventures, and that in *three letters*, now in my possession, written to me person-

ally by Henry Clay, John Quincy Adams, and Martin Van Buren, recommending me and the undertaking to the kind care and patronage of all people and all nations.

"If I may be said to ever have commenced a literary career, it certainly was much later in life than most men commit the folly, for I had passed forty-five years before I wrote a line for the public eye. What little reputation I may have made has been accomplished within the last nine years, and I consider that I owe all this little to the kindness of the world at large, who, while they have discovered but little wit, or even humor, in what I have written, have done me the credit to acknowledge that my productions have been free from malice. I pin all my faith, hope, and charity upon this one impulse of my nature; and that is, if I could have my way, there would be a smile continually on the face of every human being on God's footstool, and this smile should ever and anon widen into a broad grin.

"I have not the inclination to go into an extended account of the trials and failures that I have met with since I first put on the cap and bells, but I can assure you that I would not contend with them again for what little glory and stamps they have won for me. I have written two books, but my pet is 'Josh Billings's Farmer's Almanac,' which has been issued for the last three years, the annual sale of which has exceeded one hundred thousand copies."

Petroleum V. Nasby is another humorist.
Henry Clay Lukens is another.

Joel Chandler Harris has caught the essence of negro wit.

Here are some specimens :

Drive out de dreamin' dog.
Mighty few horses fits a barley hatch.
Noddin' nigger gives the ash-cake a chill.
Don't fall out wid de fat what cook de 'possum.
Fightin' nigger ain't far from de callaboose.
Ole cloze better go 'round de picket fence.
You kin sell mo' patter rallers dan boozers-bears.
Short stirrups en a do'-back horse.
Mighty good sheep w'ats wuff mo' dan his wool.
Sunday pra'rs ain't gwineter las' all de week.

You will, I fear, find these as hard to understand as Jasmin.

The wit and humor of Uncle Sam are, in fact, untranslatable.

Each newspaper here has what they call "a funny man," a kind of a paid jester.

The wits of the press write in parables and proverbs.

They reproduce the common sense of Uncle Sam.

Ingersoll once said that Abraham Lincoln was a cross between Æsop, Rabelais, and Franklin.

Of many of the newspaper wits of Uncle Sam the same can be said.

Artemus Ward was a great wag in his way.

You mustn't expect in his writings the point of Chamfort or Rivarol ; but a pithy kind of homely wisdom you will certainly find in him.

Mark Twain, in a private letter to a friend in Tennessee, said of Artemus Ward :

" He was one of the kindest and gentlest of men, and the hold he took on the English people surpasses imagination. Artemus Ward once said to me gravely, almost sadly :

" ' Clemens, I have done too much fooling, too much trifling ; I am going to write something that will live.' "

" ' Well, what, for instance ? ' "

" In the same grave way, he said :

" ' A lie.' "

" It was an admirable surprise. I was just ready to cry ; he was becoming pathetic."

One of Artemus Ward's best things was his parody of the census-taker.

Uncle Sam, by the way, takes a census every ten years.

" The sences taker in our town being taken sick, he depertised me to go out for him one day, and as he was too ill to give me information how to perceed, I was consequently compelled to go it blind. Sittin' down by the roadside, I draw'd up the follerin' list of questions, which I proposed to ax the people I visited :

" ' Wat's your age ? ' "

" ' Whar' was you born ? ' "

“ ‘Air you married? and if so, how do you like it?’

“ ‘How many children hav’ you? and do they sufficiently resemble you so as to preclood the possibility of their belongin’ to any of your nabers?’

“ ‘Did you ever have the measles? and if so, how many?’

“ ‘Hav’ you a twin brother several years older than yourself?’

“ ‘State how much pork, impendin’ crysis, Dutch cheese, poplar survinity, standard poetry, children’s strainers, slave code, catnip, red flannel, ancient history, pickled tomatoes, old junk, perfoomery, coal ile, liberty, hoop-skirts, etc., have you got on hand?’

“ ‘But it didn’t work. I got into a row, at the first house I stopt at, with some old maids. Disbelievin’ the answers they give in regard to their ages, I endeavored to open their mouths and look at their teeth, same as they do with horses, but they floo into a violent rage, and tackled me with brooms and sich. ‘Takin’ the sences requires experience, like as any other bizness.’”

Much of the wit and humor floating about in the dominions of Uncle Sam depends on odd orthography, local dialect, eccentricity of arrangement.

Other newspaper wits are Eli Perkins, Miner Griswold, James Bailey—pert, pertinent, pointed.

I am especially fond of Max Adeler.

One of his best satires is his proposed new *Congressional Record*, the official publication

containing the speeches of Senators and Representatives.

"If Congress resolve to act upon the suggestion of Senator Miller, that the *Congressional Record* be issued as a weekly, and sent to every family in the country, some modification ought to be made in the contents of the *Record*. The paper is much too heavy and dismal in its present condition. As for the general contents, describing the business proceedings in the Senate and the House, we recommend that these should be put in the form of verse.

"We should treat them, say, something in this fashion :

Mr. Hill

Introduced a bill

To give John Smith a pension.

Then Atkinson, of Kansas, rose to make an explanation,

But was pulled down by a colleague in a state of indignation.

And Mr. Alexander, in a speech about insurance,

Taxed the patience of his hearers pretty nearly past endurance;

After which Judge Whittaker denounced the Reciprocity Treaty with Hawaii as a scandalous monstrosity.

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"Of course, versification of the *Congressional Record* would require the services of a poet laureate of rather unusual powers. If Congress shall accept seriously the suggestions which we make, with an earnest desire to promote the public interest, we shall venture to recommend the selection of the Sweet Singer of Michigan as the first occupant of the laureate's office."

CHAPTER XII.

THE PHILOSOPHERS.

IN writing his new play, "Anarchy," Mr. Steele Mackaye proves himself to be a political philosopher. He shows, by scenes and acts founded on incidents of the French Revolution, that unbridled liberty leads to ruin and death.

Political philosophers have not always been as interesting as Mr. Steele Mackaye.

Jefferson and Hamilton, for instance, two of the earliest political philosophers of Uncle Sam, discussed limited suffrage, the division and balance of power, and other such topics. Jefferson, of Virginia, a disciple of Rousseau and Voltaire, advocated, a popular government, with public suffrage, limited executive powers, and wide scope to local authorities.

Hamilton, of New York, a disciple of Locke and Burke, was in favor of a more centralized government.

Jefferson was a dilettante in democracy; Hamilton was an admirer of aristocracy.

Jefferson vented his views in a voluminous private correspondence; Hamilton published his in the public prints.

Jefferson was Secretary of State during the Washington administration; Hamilton was Secretary of the Treasury.

Jefferson had a pleasant farm at Monticello, where he entertained generously; Hamilton was always in financial straits.

"I have beheld one of the wonders of the world," Talleyrand wrote of him in 1794—"a man who has made the fortune of a nation laboring all night to support a family."

Hamilton, during several years, did more than support one family.

He supported two.

There is quite a little romance here.

A political philosopher can get into trouble, like the rest of mankind.

It appears that one day, in Philadelphia, a Mrs. Reynolds, of New York, called on Mr. Secretary Hamilton, and asked him to let her have a little money to get back home. Hamilton assured the lady that he had no money then, but that he would be pleased to procure

enough for her purpose later. The lady was as complaisant as she was comely, and gave the Secretary her address.

In the evening Mr. Secretary Hamilton called upon her.

A few days afterward she was "Maria," and not "Mrs. Reynolds," to him.

The *liaison* lasted, and a correspondence between the two began.

Then troubles arose.

The husband of Mrs. Reynolds got wind of the amour, and the worthless scamp profited by it.

He wrote the Secretary for gifts of money—which he termed loans—and received them.

He wrote again and again for loans, always in a humble and respectful tone, and received them.

He once asked Hamilton for a position in the Treasury Department, but Hamilton refused.

Money, Reynolds received whenever he asked for it, but public office was denied him. His consent and silence were bought.

This state of things lasted for some time.

Again and again Hamilton resolved to break with the siren.

Then he would receive a note like this :

“For God sake be not so voed of all hummanity as to deni me this Last request, but if you will not Call sometime this night I no its late but any tim between this and twelve A'clock I shall be up Let me Intreat you If you wont Come to send me a Line oh my head I can rite no more do something to Ease My heart or Els I no not what I shall do for so I cannot live. Commit this to the care of my maid be not offended I beg.”

And Hamilton yielded again.

Now it happened that the husband Reynolds found himself in prison for debt, about five years after the *liaison*, and thought he could get himself out by selling the good name of Hamilton to his political opponents.

He showed letters in Hamilton's handwriting, proving that between himself and the Secretary of the Treasury some mysterious connection, involving monetary transactions, had existed.

To clear his official honor from suspicion, Hamilton boldly printed a pamphlet in 1797, in which he made a clean breast of the matter, and asked the indulgence of his countrymen.

You can imagine how the Democratic press of the period gloated over those revelations.

They make use of any weapons in their political warfare here.

Private life is not sacred.

M. de Cormenin used to be blamed by M. Alphonse Karr for exposing to public view the extravagant wash bills of his Majesty, Louis Philippe.

They go further here.

Neither a candidate's home nor his hotel apartment is his castle on the domain of Uncle Sam.

They went so far, a few years ago, as to get on a step-ladder, look in at the transom of a certain candidate's hotel room, and report what wicked things he was doing there.

Revenons à nos moutons.

When the philosophers had discussed and decided that a popular and not a royal Government was best for Uncle Sam, they began to discuss what were the rights of the nation recently constituted, and what were the rights of the States.

Is the Union temporary or permanent? Is the State or the Union superior?

Three theories, with three sets of philosophic advocates, now appeared

Hamilton, Jay, Marshall, Story, Webster, maintained the national theory. The Union is a nation indivisible and perpetual.

Jefferson and Calhoun maintained the States'-right theory. They affirmed that the United States were not a nation at the time of the Revolution, and that hence the States are, in a moment of dissatisfaction with the Union, the independent and supreme arbiters of their destinies.

The Union is temporary and divisible.

A third set of philosophic politicians, Madison, Jackson, Taney, maintained what is known as the "partial national" theory. The States were originally independent, they affirmed, but surrendered a part of their sovereignty when the Constitution was voted and adopted by them.

The Union is perpetual; the States have permanent reserved rights.

Pounds of polemics and arguments, yards of debate and oratory, were expended on these points. In spite of all this, they were finally settled in 1865, not by the ingenuity

of the philosophers, but by the swords of the soldiers.

Simultaneously with the discussion of Governmental powers arose questions of political economy.

Different sections of the country, according to their interests or according to what they supposed were their interests, adopted low or high tariff views.

The South, an agricultural region, was early for free trade.

The North and East, manufacturing sections, pronounced for protection.

The political economists manufactured treaties for or against these theories, according to the latitude and longitude wherein they lived.

Carey, Greeley, Bowen, published works for a protective tariff.

Perry and Wells are philosophic exponents of a low tariff.

To-day Mr. Kelley and Mr. Randall, of Pennsylvania, are the stoutest advocates of protection; Mr. Cox, of New York, and Mr. Frank Hurd, of Ohio, are free-traders.

There is so much discussion about tariff

nowadays that you would suppose tariff were a being of flesh and blood—a candidate for office.

Political speculation in this country has, up to a year or two, been of a very practical and matter-of-fact nature.

The cold Anglo-Saxon does not gesticulate toward the clouds, like the excitable Gaul and the dreamy, beery Teuton.

He always asks for the tangible results of his theories. He never loses sight of the earth in his speculative flights.

"I tell you, you are nothing but an idealist in politics!" hotly said General Kilpatrick, while in Washington on furlough during the war, discussing a point of martial law with Secretary Chase. "I maintain that you can do anything and everything with bayonets."

"Yes, yes," calmly replied the stolid lawyer—"except sit on them!"

The philosophers of Uncle Sam of the old school were timid, conservative, rarely lost their heads.

It is true some of them were alarmists, false prophets. I remember having read somewhere that such philosophic jurists as Judge Kent and Judge Story thought the

country was going to the devil in the days of Jackson, simply because Jackson did not share their views on politics.

Yet, as a general thing, the political philosophers of Uncle Sam are long-headed and far-sighted.

Dreamers like Henry Thoreau and Felix Adler exercise but little sway over people's minds here. The majority of even speculative Americans seem to believe that you cannot "save the world by a return to acorns and the golden age," as Carlyle once told Emerson the reformers of New England evidently tried to do.

I have found some wise philosophic maxims in the history of Uncle Sam.

Franklin, who always seems to me to have written his precepts on grocery paper, gave all his countrymen the cue.

Allow me to quote some of the sententious sayings I find current :

"Politics," said Theodore Parker, "is the science of exigencies."

"Great political questions," said Wendell Phillips, "stir the deepest nature of one-half the nation; but they pass far above the heads of the other half."

"This country," said Longfellow, "is not priest-ridden, but press-ridden."

"It is wonderful," said Emerson, "how soon a piano gets into a log hut on the frontier! You would think they found it under a pine stump."

"The public is wiser," wrote George Bancroft, "than the wisest critic."

"Heroes in history seem to us poetic," says George William Curtis, "because they are there; " but if we should tell the simple truth of some of our neighbors, it would sound like poetry."

The ponderous disquisitions of your pedant of Germany, of your *savant* of the Collège de France, of your professor at Oxford or Cambridge, find little favor, small audience, here.

The average citizen of this country has the gift of expressing his opinion in pointed and pertinent form.

He takes his philosophy and his politics like his cocktail and his lunch—in a hurry.

The driest political philosophers here are, strange to say, the ones that have the most imagination.

I mean the women who, in print and on platform, advocate women's rights.

Such an agitator as Belva Lockwood makes me gape.

Such agitators as Cady Stanton, Anna Brackett, Anna Dickinson, make me nod.

They are not even as amusing as Louise Michel.

Uncle Sam, who is uniformly polite to woman, who gives her great scope in every field of activity, who slaves while she shops, is impatient of her political philosophies.

I don't blame him.

The place of woman is at home.

It is neither on the hustings nor in the divorce-court.

Woman neglects the family here.

"It is safe to say," remarks Dr. Dike, "that divorce has been doubled in proportion to marriages and population, in most of the Northern States, within thirty years."

Gail Hamilton—cousin, adviser, and private secretary of James G. Blaine—is not abashed by these figures.

She has no mean opinion of the power of her sex.

"Man has subdued the world, but woman

has subdued man. No monarch has been so great, no peasant so lowly, that he has not been glad to lay his best at the feet of woman."

I continue my quotations :

They give us foreigners many a hint as to the different kinds of opinion prevalent here.

Let us compare fancies with facts.

" Give me the centralism of liberty," said Charles Sumner ; " give me the imperialism of equal rights."

A fine phrase !

And yet the negro in Georgia and Mississippi is forced to vote one way, the factory hand in Rhode Island and Massachusetts another.

" Schoolhouses," wrote Horace Mann, the great advocate for public education, " are the republican line of fortifications."

The school population of the country is estimated at eighteen millions.

Of this mass, seven millions five hundred thousand grow up in absolute ignorance of the alphabet.

Thus one voter in six on the domain of Uncle Sam cannot read or write !

These are stern, hard facts.

It's a good thing to occasionally mix sentiments with statistics.

Henry Lloyd, four years ago, looked into the condition of child laborers in Pennsylvania, and wrote an essay on the subject.

"Herds of little children of all ages," wrote he, "from six years upward, are at work in the coal-breakers, toiling in dirt and air thick with carbon-dust, from dawn to dark of every day in the week except Sunday. The coal-breakers are the only schools they know."

There's food for the philosopher!

Let us turn to maxims again:

They are so much pleasanter reading.

"A politician thinks of the next election," wrote Freeman Clarke; "a statesman, of the next generation."

But in spite of all these fine sentiments, theoretical politics are held in slight esteem.

Transcendentalism in politics is often the object of ridicule.

You may remember the illustration which Senator Evarts gave ridiculing transcendental theoretical politics.

It was at the banquet to Mr. Blaine at Delmonico's, some three years ago.

“When Mr. Emerson was first founding and spreading the doctrine of transcendentalism, one of the greatest assemblies of Presbyterians [before the country was divided at all] had been held in one of the Southern cities, and these eminent Doctors of Divinity, going up on the steamboat [before railroads were constructed], were conversing very earnestly with one another, and very learnedly, on this new notion of Transcendentalism, and what it portended to the institutions of the Church. After their discussion had declined [for there must be an end even to that], a sober and devout layman, who had heard this earnest disputation [without understanding a word of it], asked one of these Doctors of Divinity, with great submission, if he would be so good as briefly to explain to him what Transcendentalism was. ‘Well,’ said he, ‘my friend, it is a little difficult in a few words, but as we are passing by this bluff on the Mississippi River, do you notice those swallows’ holes in the bluff?’ ‘Yes,’ says the man, ‘I do.’ ‘Well,’ says he, ‘if you break away all that bluff, and leave nothing but the swallows’ holes, that is Transcendentalism.’ And these now are the swallows’ holes in politics [laughter] with the parties all brushed away, and nothing left but the vacant orifices.”

As far as I can make out, there are now three movements of political speculative thought in the domain of Uncle Sam.

The first is the practico-political philosophy of men like Mr. Blaine, Mr. Evarts, Mr. Tilden, Mr. Tucker, and Mr. Cox.

They are conservative, studying ways and

means, dealing in safe old-time truisms, quoting the ancient authors.

Speculate, they say, but do not speculate too much.

"A marksman may improve his aim by shooting at long distances," they say with Cornwall Lewis, "but not by firing at the moon."

The second school of speculative politics is represented in our time by Mr. James Russell Lowell and Mr. George William Curtis.

Disciples of Emerson in their younger days, these men now head a small but compact and scholarly band of transcendental philosophers and dilettante politicians. They are not conservative, and they are not radical. They believe in the scholar in politics. They believe in the reformer on the hustings.

They are critically optimistic, if I may so say, carping at the present, and hopeful of the future.

The views of this coterie may be best gleaned from the discourse on "Democracy," delivered by Mr. Lowell before the Midland Institute in London a couple of years ago.

Said Mr. Lowell :

“Democracy is nothing more than an experiment in government, more likely to succeed in a new soil, but likely to be tried in all soils, which must stand or fall on its own merits, as others have done before it. For there is no trick of perpetual motion in politics any more than in mechanics. President Lincoln defined democracy to be ‘the government of the people, by the people, for the people.’ This is a sufficiently compact statement of it as a political arrangement. Theodore Parker said that ‘Democracy meant, not “I’m as good as you are,” but “You’re as good as I am.”’ And this is the ethical conception of it, necessary as the complement of the other ; a conception which, could it be made actual and practical, would easily solve all the riddles of the old sphinx of political and social economy who sits by the roadside, has been proposing to mankind from the beginning, and which mankind have shown such a singular talent for answering wrongly. In this sense Christ was the first true Democrat that ever breathed, as the old dramatist, Dekker, said he was the first true gentleman. The characters may be easily doubled, so strong is the likeness between them. I am one of those who believe that the real will never find an irremovable basis till it rests on the ideal. It used to be thought that a democracy was possible only in a small territory, and this is doubtless true of the democracy strictly defined, for in such all the citizens decide directly upon every question of public concern in a general assembly. An example still survives in the tiny Swiss canton of Appenzell. But this immediate intervention of the people in their own affairs is not of the essence of democracy ; it is not necessary, nor, indeed, in most cases, practicable.

Democracies to which Mr. Lincoln's definition would fairly enough apply have existed, and now exist, in which, though the supreme authority resides in the people, yet they can act only indirectly on the national policy."

Lowell is witty, pithy, epigrammatic.

"There is no good in arguing with the inevitable," he says. "The only argument available with an east wind is to put on your overcoat."

At another point he remarks :

"We should remember that nothing is more natural for people whose education has been neglected, than to spell evolution with an initial 'r.'"

Again, we find this bit of wisdom. Speaking of the legislative compromise measures between North and South prior to the Civil War, the philosopher said :

"We learned once for all that compromise makes a good umbrella, but a poor roof ; that it is a temporary expedient often wise in party politics, almost sure to be unwise in statesmanship."

In spite of a quizzingly critical tone, when speaking of Democracy, Mr. Lowell is proud of its results.

"No ; amid all the fruitless turmoil and miscarriage of the world, if there be one thing steadfast and of favorable omen, one thing to make optimism distrust its own obscure distrust, it is the rooted instinct in men to admire what is better and more beautiful than themselves. The touchstone of political and social institutions is their ability to supply them with worthy objects of this sentiment, which is the very tap-root of civilization and progress. There would seem to be no readier way of feeding it with the elements of growth and vigor than such an organization of society as will enable men to respect themselves, and so justify them in respecting others."

All this is very fine on paper or in the rostrum, but it is not substantiated by facts.

The United States is no longer the blissful Arcadia which our travelers in the last century, Rochefoucauld, Robin, Chastellux, loved to depict and hold up to our eyes.

It is true the population has increased from three to sixty millions.

It is true the original thirteen States have been joined by twenty-five sister-States.

It is true there are more schools, colleges, churches, than there were.

There is more money ; there are more manufactories ; there is a more extensive commerce.

Telegraphs, telephones, railways, cover the land.

The public debt is paid with stupendous rapidity.

There is a large surplus in the treasury.

The credit of Uncle Sam is excellent.

But—

Please open “Progress and Poverty,” a book by Henry George, and you will understand why I insert that disagreeable disjunctive conjunction.

Henry George was a San Francisco journalist when he carried the manuscript of his book from publisher to publisher in vain. Too abstruse, they said, too theoretical! Finally a New York house accepted it. The success was great from the outset.

Open the book!

The material prosperity of the country, argues George, may seem to be great, but it is a fictitious prosperity. No prosperity can be real that is based on unjust social conditions.

“In the United States it is clear that squalor and misery, and the vices and crimes that spring from them, everywhere increase as the village grows to the city, and the march of development brings the advantages of the

improved methods of production and exchange. It is in the older and richer sections of the Union that pauperism and distress among the working classes are becoming more painfully apparent. If there is less deep poverty in San Francisco than in New York, is it not because San Francisco is yet behind New York in all that both cities are striving for? When San Francisco reaches the point where New York now is, who will doubt that there will also be ragged and barefooted children on her streets? This association of poverty with progress is the great enigma of our time. It is the central fact from which spring industrial, social, and political difficulties that perplex the world."

Henry George, in a style which combines the fervor of Rousseau with the lucidity of Descartes, goes on to state the grievances of the masses of Uncle Sam. Private fortunes, he says, make greater every year the distinction between the classes of citizens. The condition of the hands in factories is virtual slavery. Tenement houses, owned by the rich and greedy, are hotbeds of corruption and misery. The public lands are fast disappearing. In New England and the West, farms are already rented at rates varying from one-fourth to one-half of the crop.

"As liveried carriages appear, so do barefooted children. We are becoming used to talk of the working classes; beggars are becoming so common that where it

was once thought a crime little short of highway robbery to refuse food to one who asked for it, the gate is now barred and the bull-dog loosed, while laws are passed against vagrants which suggest those of Henry VIII."

Your boasted progress is accompanied by poverty, affirms the philosopher in substance, and I believe to do away with this anomaly by this remedy. I propose to abolish private property in land.

"Historically, as ethically, private property in land is robbery."

Do you notice the influence of Rousseau here? of Prudhon?

I propose, continues George, that all land now still free in this country remain public domain. I propose that such land as is now called private property be taxed for the public good.

"It is not necessary to confiscate land; it is only necessary to confiscate rent."

Then the philosopher proposes a system of administration and taxation which seems simple enough on paper, and closes his book with passages fully as fervid and eloquent as can be found in the ancient prophets.

Now you may agree with this man, or you may differ with him, but one thing is certain:

Henry George is bound to be influential in the long-run. He will be a power in politics.

Mr. Evarts, Mr. Depew, Mr. Bayard, Mr. Hewitt, patting their low-cut waistcoats affectionately after a public dinner, smoking their twenty-five-cent cigars, may sneer at Socialists and Communists and Anarchists, and belittle them and denounce them.

They may affirm that everything is all right as it is.

They may say Uncle Sam is in tip-top health.

They may make light of the theories of a newspaper man.

"Sir," blurted Carlyle at a dinner one night, to a young Tory who ridiculed political theories, "the French nobility of a hundred years ago said they could afford to laugh at theories. Then came a man who wrote a book called the 'Social Contract.' The nobles could laugh at his theory, but their skins went to bind the second edition of his book!"

I, for my part, do not share the optimistic delusions of the average post-prandial orator of Uncle Sam.

His big talk about his country does not dazzle me.

Our political philosophies are so much influenced by what we eat and drink !

I know that a " Pudding Nesselrode " is apt to reconcile a fellow to the Czar of Russia, and that, after taking a " Punch Cardinal," a man is not likely to quarrel with the Church of Rome.

I try to keep my judgment unruffled.

And when I am asked to go into ecstasies over the politics and politicians of Uncle Sam, I am much inclined to exclaim with Joseph de Maistre :

" People are continually citing America as an example. I know nothing that puts me so much out of patience as the praise heaped on this child, still in its swaddling-clothes. Let it grow up, and we shall see !"

THE END.

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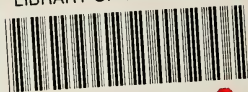
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